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Welcome Home

Painting by JOHN SANTRY

Warrior spirit of the Maoris

"They charged with a laugh on their lips," says Ellen, famous guide.

By ALICE JACKSON

Editor of The Australian Women's Weekly, who visited New Zealand on her way to America and England.

"Our Maori boys added a strange chapter to history when they made the bayonet charge on Mt. Olympus," said Ellen. "If the old Greek gods were looking down on them, I'm sure they'd have been on the side of those brave lads."

Ellen, one of the well-known guides at Whakarewera, spoke feelingly, for she has two sons in the New Zealand Expeditionary Force abroad, and her third lad is just ready to join them.

"THE Germans must have thought they were wild savages," Ellen continued in her delightful cultured voice.

"But we Maoris understand just how they felt. No Maori can bear to see his mate killed. There were Australians in the charge, too.

"One of our men who came back told us the Maoris started a haka, and the New Zealand soldiers followed suit. Both lots charged with laughter on their lips—but the Australians went in swearing like troopers."

As we walked towards the Maori village, which is world-famous for the thermal wonders of the neighborhood, Ellen told of other changes since I'd last visited Rotorua just before the war.

"Nan, the young man who used to take tourists' photographs at the entrance gate and have them printed by the time they'd completed the trip round the reserve, has done the haka before the King of Greece since then," she said.

"He is now Corporal Anania Amohau, and the author of the Maori battalion battle song.

"When Aussie soldiers or sailors come up here on leave and meet a group of Maori soldiers in the streets, they always start the chorus:



NEW ZEALAND SOLDIERS are in camp near the famous hot springs.

"Ake, kia, kaha Haere tonu Kia ora" ("Forward! Good luck").

"There are no young Maoris left in our villages now," said Ellen. "Our maidens are lonely, but they are all so proud of their boys. They wouldn't have them hang back.

"The reserve is full of soldiers now," Ellen continued. "We are ac-

commodating over 200 members of the Field Artillery Medical Unit and they are all enjoying the novel experience of being among the hot springs and geysers."

By this time we'd reached a group of New Zealand soldiers who were sitting on the doorstep of one of the Maori huts and peeling vegetables in the welcome sunshine near the spring.

The lads on kitchen fatigue had already scrubbed and cut up four huge wire baskets of carrots. These were placed on top of one of the natural cooking pots made by a boiling spring.

Then they were covered with layers of bags, and by the time we'd returned from the round trip of the geysers, volcanic mud pools, and the rest of the sights of the area they again showed us the carrots—steam-cooked to a turn, and with all the vitamins intact. Of course, salt has to be added to the food afterwards.

To Ellen it seemed strange for Maori soldiers to be carrying out a bayonet charge in the home of the old Greek gods.

It seemed equally strange to me to see white soldiers in uniform cooking carrots over one of these boiling vents which the Maoris have turned into fireless cookers at Rotorua.

The war has brought other changes here.

Once a happy hunting-ground for wealthy Americans and Australians, the town is now patronised mostly by middle-class New Zealanders on brief holidays.

Honeymoon couples and soldiers and sailors on a few days' leave from Auckland en route to a war zone like to dash up for a few days. But the

MAORI MAIDENS at Rotorua, who wait for their boys to return from the war.

flow of tourists' money has dwindled to a comparative trickle.

The oldest Maori antique shop in Rotorua, founded by a notable authority on antiques and carried on, after his death, by his wife, is now run by his daughters, the Misses M. E. and H. Dannefaerd.

They, too, are feeling the change caused by the decline in rich tourist traffic. Lawrence Tibbett, Barbara (then) Hutton were two of the best customers of recent years.

Tibbett bought such articles as a Maori cloak of kiwi feathers, a calabash and clubs, and Barbara purchased an old Tiki.

The greater part of the late Mr. Dannefaerd's rare collection was bought by one of Barbara's sisters-in-law of the Woolworth family.

"It is mostly the smaller novelty lines that keep us going now," said Miss Dannefaerd.

"One of our big difficulties is to get the Maoris to make the goods. The carving is intricate and skilled work, and now most of them prefer to earn seventeen or eighteen shillings a day on road work."

Miss H. M. Dannefaerd is head of the Rotorua transport section of the N.Z. Women's War Services Auxiliary. She was among the hundred from whom a final selection of thirty was recently made to go abroad, but did not get in the finalists—to her great disappointment. However, she hopes for better luck next time.

In spite of petrol rationing, about 50 to 100 cars are parked nightly before the famous medicinal baths.

All the baths are cheap—from sixpence to a shilling for the public sulphur, radium and other baths.

I inquired about massage for a sprained arm, and the obliging young girl attendant said, "If you bring your dole card, dear, you can get all the treatment free."

When I told her I was from Australia she explained that the Social Security Tax provides for all medical attention, and, even when a private doctor is in attendance, all prescriptions can be dispensed free by chemists.

Let's talk of INTERESTING PEOPLE



WING-CMDR. I. McLACHLAN

Never lets go

FIRST R.A.A.F. fighter pilot to be decorated in this war. Wing-Commander Ian McLachlan, D.F.C., of Melbourne, has returned to Australia to a staff appointment at Air Force headquarters. He commanded a squadron of the R.A.A.F. in the Middle East.

"When Australian pilots get into a fight they never let go," he says.



MISS FLORA ELDERSHAW

Post-war reconstruction

"ONE of the first obligations in post-war reconstruction is to those who have borne the heaviest burden of the war," declares Miss Flora Eldershaw, well-known author, recently appointed a research officer in the Reconstruction Division, Commonwealth Department of Labor and National Service.

The division will act as an administrative technical secretariat, carry out research, bring reconstruction before the public as a common vital problem.



MR. G. C. CHAMPION

First Public Defender

MR. G. C. Champion, Deputy Clerk of the Peace in Sydney, has been appointed first Public Defender in New South Wales. His duties will be to defend persons unable to afford legal assistance in the courts. He is attached to the State Attorney-General's Department.

Graduate of Sydney University, Mr. Champion was called to the Bar in 1928. He served with the first A.I.F.

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BILE BEANS

Our Editor looks in on Hollywood



SPENCER TRACY—"fine personality."

Movie colony has over 800 workers for bombed Britons

Cabled from Hollywood

By ALICE JACKSON

Editor of The Australian Women's Weekly, flying to England with Bundles for Britain.

Hard to break into Hollywood!

Don't you believe it. I just walked into the film capital, said I was the Australian representative of Bundles for Britain, and in half an hour I was booked to make a recorded broadcast with Spencer Tracy and Myrna Loy.

Ever since I arrived the foyer at my hotel has looked like a movie newsreel of a page torn from "Who's Who in Hollywood."

I'M trying to see this place as the girls back home would see it, but I get a bit startled myself when someone close by says, "Oh, Mr. Lubitsch, will you meet someone from Australia . . . ?" or a page boy in dusty-pink uniform brushes past me calling, "Miss Loy paging Mrs. Jackson."

You can't write a story of Hollywood. Life here is more like a scenario.

For me I seem to have left my seat in row H middle aisle and gone up to mix with the players.

That is how I felt when Metro stars Myrna Loy and Spencer Tracy asked me to make a record with them in a Bundles for Britain appeal.

The record will soon be in Australia. I hope you don't hear my knees quaking, but it was a wonderful experience.

Great people

THEY were splendid, those two great stars.

In Hollywood everybody seems to stand for something . . . Gable for the he-man, Taylor for romance, so many others for glamor, but Tracy and Loy seem to mean personality and straightforward American patriotism.

I shall never see a film of Spencer Tracy's in the future without seeing the man. His pleasant voice, his friendliness, and his total lack of side. No wonder Hollywood couldn't make him stand for anything else but Spencer Tracy.

Myrna Loy, petite, charming, and natural, made me feel at home at once . . . She is just a jolly nice girl and extremely interested in Bundles for Britain. She has a lovely speaking voice with a soft American accent.

One gentleman thought I came from Austria, but I found Hollywood well informed.

Tracy knew all about the Anzacs.

- SHE MET Colbert, great war worker.
- BROADCAST with Spencer Tracy—Myrna Loy.
- DINED WITH wife of producer Lubitsch.



MYRNA LOY—"charming, hard worker."

He praised the work of our boys in Greece and Crete.

"What a movie that would make!"

Incidentally there is to be a motion picture made of the epic made of the Greek seas in which the Anzacs played such a memorable part. I hope they give Spencer the lead . . .

You can hardly imagine the enthusiasm of the stars for the Bundles for Britain appeal. After working hard on the set all day they appear at night at meetings of the Bundles committee. There are 800 members in the Hollywood branch and membership is growing fast.

Americans have sent three million bundles, gifts of blankets and hospital equipment, blood transfusion sets, and X-ray machines to Britain.

Hollywood is high up on the list of generous givers.

Regular workers for the branch include many of the famous players and wives of the producers.

Mrs. Ernst Lubitsch gave me a series of wonderful broadcast

records made by leading movie stars appealing for bundles.

Hollywood branch has adopted the famous Guy's Hospital, in London. The hospital is badly in need of equipment, particularly surgical equipment to treat victims of bombs in blitzed London.

Myrna Loy started the ball rolling with a cheque for 4000 dollars. Claudette Colbert added a thousand dollars to the contribution by Myrna and other film stars came in solidly.

This was by no means the first appeal. They followed the gifts for Guy's Hospital right through. Special permission was obtained to have the equipment flown to England in a Lockheed bomber.

It included a 700-dollar manometric blood gas outfit, a costly Pulfrich photometer, and other hospital equipment not available in England.

Honor chevrons

HIGHLY prized among the branch workers are the red, white, and blue chevrons of honor awarded to workers in the Bundles for Britain appeals.

These badges indicate the time spent on this work, a gold star which hooks on to the chevrons making the complete insignia.

Many film stars wear their chevrons proudly. They are so much in earnest and so sincere about it all.

When I told people in Hollywood that Australia had already sent 45,000 bundles and that more would soon be on the way they were very impressed.

Film stars asked me all about the great work continuing in Australia. They were interested to know that a film man, Mr. Ernest Turnbull, is secretary of the Sydney committee for Bundles for Britain, and wished the organisation great success in the future.

I just can't tell you all of my impressions of Hollywood, as the time at my disposal is short—too short—but schedule must be followed.

When I get on the plane for New York I hope to have visited many studios, been inside a score of beauty parlors, hunted down every hint on clothes and glamor that I think will interest readers. If I can't tell you all this by cable, some of these things will keep till I get home.



CLAUDETTE COLBERT: Gave 1000 dollars to Guy's Hospital.

Warm welcome in New York

I was deeply touched and delighted by the reception I got when I called on the American Bundles for Britain committee at the head office in New York.

MRS. PAUL WHITE, who was deputising as national president of the committee in the absence of Mrs. Wales Latham, spent hours with me explaining details of the complex organisation with over 1000 branches in all parts of the United States.

The office made available to Aus-

tralia the wonderful distribution facilities in London that have been built up in the past year.

"You can take whatever we have that you want," said Mrs. White. "We are delighted to help in any way. We are all working in the one common cause to serve humanity and save democracy by helping Britain."

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ALICE JACKSON, editor of The Australian Women's Weekly. She made a recorded appeal with Spencer Tracy, Myrna Loy.



Boys with the Spitfire spirit



PILOT JOHN VICKERS, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Vickers, of Avoca Avenue, Elwood, Victoria, with his sister Nancy, who is an A.I.F. nurse in Palestine.

TOBACCOING IN CANADA. Last mail brought this snap of Reg Shannon, of Fybble, Jim Grace, of Brisbane, and Geoffrey Chen, of Orange, N.S.W., with two attractive Montreal girls.

SERGEANT BILL SWAN, of Brighton, South Australia, wanted to go out and help with the English harvest.

PILOT-OFFICER JIM HARRISON, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Harrison, of Highbury Street, Burwood, Victoria.

PILOT-OFFICER PAUL WALSH, only son of Mr. and Mrs. E. Walsh, of Camberwell, Victoria.

PILOT-OFFICER FRANK DAVIES, of Kensington, Sydney, who was stationed at a fashionable English tourist resort when interviewed.

By Beam Wireless from MARY ST. CLAIRE, Our Representative in London

R.A.A.F. put "Dominions Town" on map in England

"You tell Australian girls from us they are absolutely tops."

The speaker, Pilot-Officer Ivan Davies, a tall, fair navigator from Camberwell, Melbourne, voiced the sentiments of a group of pilots to whom I was speaking when I visited them at their headquarters a few days ago.

THESE pilots form part of the largest contingent of airmen yet to arrive under the Empire Air Training Scheme. They were six months in

Canada and have been in England for a week or so.

These young men feel they've already seen something of the world, so when they gave their considered opinion that Australian girls are

"tops," I think they felt it was no empty compliment, but a truthful tribute to the beauty and charm of the girls they've left behind.

We were talking in the officers' mess, which was formerly the lounge of one of the most luxurious hotels in a fashionable English seaside resort.

In the party were Pilot-Officers Peter Haydon, of Canberra, Ted Reis, from Albury, Jim Harrison, born in Mildura but came from Melbourne; Jim Guerin, Wollongong; Dave Carmichael, Coogee; Frank Davies, Kensington, and a heap of others.

Hundreds of pilots, navigators, air-gunners, and ground crews are gathered together at this resort which might almost be renamed "Dominions Town."

Like Coogee

"THIS town reminds me of Coogee," a Sydneysider said.

Imagine Coogee or Brighton (Melbourne), Coolangatta, or Cottesloe with hundreds and hundreds of airmen from every part of the Empire — Australia, New Zealand, Canada, Rhodesia, Burma, Trinidad, or anywhere marked red on the map — each wearing a shoulder flash telling from which part he hails, and you will get an idea of what this sea-coast town looks like.

Uniforms are intermingling with the holiday crowds — fair-haired English girls in slacks and beach suits; children with buckets and spades.

When I visited "Dominions Town" a haze hung low over the water, and the sun beat down mercilessly, but hundreds of airmen just lapped up the sunshine.

The tropical kit of khaki shorts and shirt with the thin blue line on the shoulder denoting a pilot-officer, and blue forage cap is as familiar now around the railed promenades as the slouch-hatted Diggers were last summer.

Residents are just as hospitable and anxious to entertain airmen as warmheartedly as they did men of the A.I.F.

I had lunch with the Australian pilots, and warned the boys that it was not always so easy to get a good meal in this country.

But for the first week here, while they are being "kitted up" and waiting to be posted to operational units, the wizardry of the R.A.F. catering has produced choice menus.

Later on I talked to sergeant-pilots, air-gunners, and navigators who had plenty of tips which they asked me to pass on to boys coming over later on.

Here's a list of some things they ought to bring:

Plenty of cap badges and metal wings, as these are always being souvenired.

They cost next to nothing at home and are very expensive in England. Dried fruit, silk stockings, if they

have any girl friends to look up; their own brands of tobacco, a good lighter, for matches are scarce, razor-blades, and chocolate.

Many sergeant-observers navigated Hudson planes across the Atlantic.

Many of the sergeants, air-gunners, and observers who were trained in West Australia had come through South Africa, and there was nothing but praise for the wonderful hospitality of the South Africans.

Among West Australians are Sergeant-Pilots Cedric White, of Perth, Mick Kendall, Narrogin, Jack Stubbs (nicknamed "Bubbles"), and Air-Gunners Norrie Bingley and Gerald Copeland.

Behind the town the harvest is being gathered, Sergeants Jim Smith, of Glenelg, and Bill Swan, of Brighton, South Australia, wanted to go out and help bring in the crops.

"It is very nice here, but a week is enough for us. We want to get into action," said Sergeant-Pilot Bevan Reid, of Brighton, Victoria. "Yes, we are here to help, so we might as well do a spot of work while we wait."

Australians trained under the Empire Scheme are regarded very highly over here. The commanding officer of an R.A.F. station, with nearly 100 per cent. ground crew, said the efficiency of his station had increased by one-third since the Aussies arrived.

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THE DETECTIVE'S WIFE

An intriguing mystery story

TOM BURKE opened his front door and stepped in thankfully. At once the genial atmosphere of his home embraced him. He stood staring at a vase of coral-colored gladioli, marvelling at the knack Jenny had of making their modest home look beautiful and expensive.

Day in, day out, he was calling at the homes of stars and studio executives—people with big money. For taste and charm none bettered his own. Jenny would have liked to hear this, but Tom spoke in shorthand.

"Looks nice, doesn't it?" he greeted her.

She stood on tiptoe to kiss him. "You're nice to notice it. Some husbands wouldn't."

He went into the living-room and switched on the radio while Jenny went into the kitchen to hurry the dinner.

Jenny seldom asked questions. Tom began to talk when he had eaten and was enjoying his rich black coffee.

"Cursest case I ever worked on. Why on earth should anyone want to harass a nice old lady? Not an enemy in the world..." He paused to light a cigarette and inhale. "Not a friend either, so far as you can see. The forgotten woman. Lives like a hermit, harming nobody. And some mean devil has to take his cussedness out on her."

Jenny liked perplexing cases. "Who called you in, Tom? Did she do it?"

"No. Her adopted daughter that went to San Francisco last year to get married. The police tried all summer, but they got tired of it."

Jenny settled herself on a stamped leather floor cushion.

"Tell me about it again, Tom. I may have missed something."

Tom was dubious. Jenny looked so childish sometimes that he wondered if she were really interested in his rigmorles or if she were just a perfect wife. She was a perfect wife in either case.

"There's nothing to miss. There's so little that nothing makes sense. She was a Broadway star in her youth and then a character actress in the silents. She had three husbands, one dead and two divorced. No animus with the new wives. I've checked up on them. They're nice women and it was all such a long time ago. They didn't even know she was still living. She adopted a child to keep her company—the one that's grown up and gone."

"For a year she's been going on all alone in her home without so much as a cat. Suddenly anonymous letters got thrown in her garden and stuck in her mail box calling her all kinds of names. Funny letters, not threatening or venomous, but enough to disturb her peace, what with cops sitting in her kitchen mopping up coffee at all hours and detectives wearing out her sitting-room furniture."

"The daughter wrote to me when they stopped bothering. It looked the easiest case to solve—but it isn't. I set a watch, but they watch too. Something drops in again the moment we relax. 'Call yourself a detective,' she says to me. 'You waste our money. You're no better than a policeman.'"

"Forget it now," said Jenny, "and have a rest. Oh, by the way, I went into court this afternoon to hear the verdict on the Russell case. The judge was as fair as he could be on such evidence, and the jury was bound to follow him and convict her. But I still believe her story. It's more than a hunch. It's absolute conviction."

"Now really, Jenny, that's crazy. Mrs. Russell hadn't a leg to stand on. She admits going regularly to the Pepper Tree Arms, and twelve people saw her leave the building in a terrible hurry the night Morgan was murdered. Now what do two and two make?"

"I know it looks bad. But I trust her. There's something so clean about her. That proud, sensitive mouth and those steady, honest eyes. She wouldn't double-cross her husband. It isn't in her. If



Miss Reid was lounging in the doorway as Jenny came out with Mrs. Mullins.

two and two make five there's something screwy somewhere."

Tom Burke was a logician. He worked with facts and facts and again facts.

"If it wasn't her, it must have been another woman, and there was no other woman," he said. "She's lucky she only got life."

Jenny shuddered. "Think of Brent Russell at this moment. His marriage ruined—his wife in prison—and all that dirty scandal. He must feel like shooting himself."

"He must. And I wish I could help him." Tom went to the radio

and tuned in to variety. "But I can't, so let's wait to worry till we get some personal troubles."

Jenny went upstairs to a small study, took a circular from a drawer in Tom's desk and wrote on the bottom of it: "I believe in Mrs. Russell's innocence, and I can help you."

On the circular was a portrait of Tom, looking keen and far-sighted, and above it: "Thomas Burke, Private Enquiry Agent," his telephone number and his office address. Inside the folder were envelopes from satisfied clients including some famous names in the picture colony.

She folded it, put it in an envelope, addressed it to Brent Russell, and marked it "Urgent and Confidential."

She slipped on a tennis coat and went out to post it without Tom missing her. When she returned he was laughing at the radio.

Ten days later Tom came home with a box of chocolates, a bottle of perfume, and a spray of white orchids. "Oh, good news!" said Jenny. "Somebody's paid you for something. Who was it?"

He was jubilant with his triumph.

By...

Olga L. Rosmanith

He took off his overcoat and strode into the living-room rubbing his hands together, as fresh and lively as if it were first thing in the morning. "The case of the persecuted lady, my moppet. Solved! And what do you think?"

Jenny took the ribbons off the chocolate box. "I couldn't imagine."

"She wrote the letters herself! Bored and forgotten. Wanted a bit of excitement to liven things up. I got a hunch and the rest was easy."

"Well!" said Jenny. "People are funny."

"You bet people are funny. Funniest things in a screwy world. And there's something else funnier."

Jenny's heart began to hurry. Ten days. She had given up hope.

"Brent Russell called on me to see if I could dig up new evidence to warrant a new trial for his wife. It takes thinking about. Might be a lot of work for no dough. You see, it's no evidence—no pay. But a fortune if I find some."

"But, Tom, you must try. You needn't give it all your time. I could do things to help you."

Tom smiled over his drink. "What, for instance?"

"Oh—things. Women gossip to women. Maybe I could find something at that apartment house."

"No. I wouldn't like you to go snooping."

"I wouldn't snoop. I'd listen. I could live there a few weeks. There are three tenants with empty rooms."

Tom set down his empty glass. "I see. You sent my circular."

"Guilty, your honor. But I didn't think we'd get a fortune out of it."

"We won't."

"We will. And think of the way we could use it. We could go to Hollywood. Ermine tablecloths and a mink bathmat."

He gave in. After dinner they went over the news reports from the beginning.

Harriet Russell was the beautiful twenty-eight-year-old wife of Brent Russell, wealthy film executive. She was a San Francisco society girl, and had never had film ambitions. They had been married eight years and had two children. Up till Mrs. Russell's arrest on a charge of murder, theirs had been Hollywood's happiest marriage.

The evidence revealed her as a rather unusual type for Hollywood. She liked fun and was often seen at the races at Santa Anita and week-ending on the golf links with her husband, but she did not care for big parties. She liked her home, entertained a few select friends there and spent a lot of time with her children.

But she also liked being alone. She was in the habit of driving off in her car in the afternoons and going for long solitary walks on the beach or in the lonely roads through the canyons. That was her explanation of her absences. If untrue, no one knew where she went.

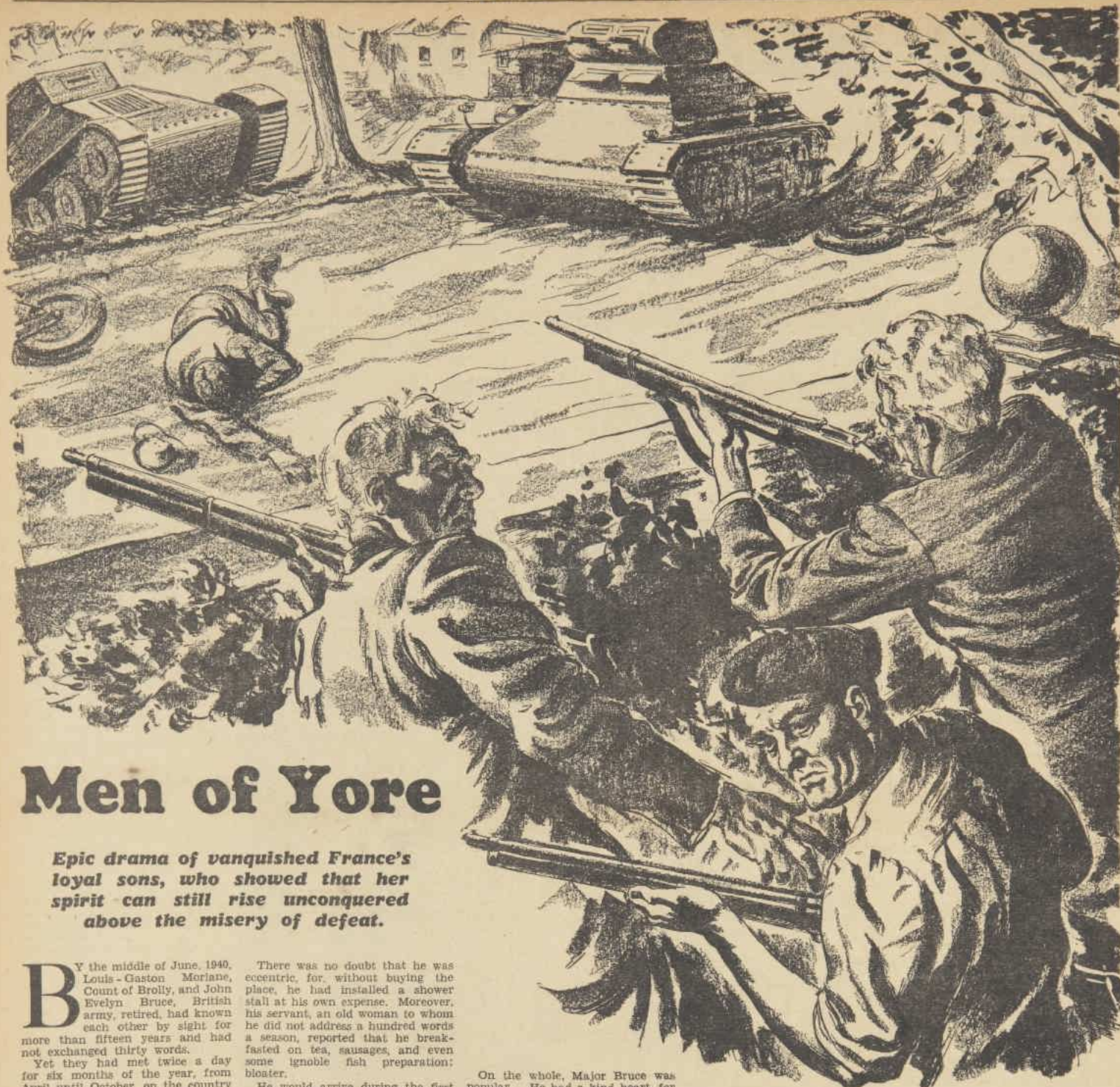
The evidence also established that she was generous and kind-hearted. She had brought an old woman, Miss Denny, who had been her childhood nurse, from the damp climate of San Francisco and installed her in an apartment in the Pepper Tree Arms on a hillside street between Hollywood and Los Angeles.

The old woman had lived there for a year and died there in November. During that time she had been feeble and ailing and Harriet Russell had visited her at least once a week, and at her death paid for her funeral.

Most of the tenants of the Pepper Tree Arms knew her by sight. Her Madonna-like beauty of dark eyes, smooth dark hair drawn over her ears, and severely simple dark clothes attracted attention and impressed her on the memory.

Miss Denny's apartment had been on the first floor, the door facing that of the apartment occupied by the murdered man, Captain Jack Morgan, retired from the sea, ex-captain of freighters, and a native of San Francisco.

Please turn to page 28



Men of Yore

Epic drama of vanquished France's loyal sons, who showed that her spirit can still rise unconquered above the misery of defeat.

By the middle of June, 1940, Louis-Gaston Morlane, Count of Brolly, and John Evelyn Bruce, British army, retired, had known each other by sight for more than fifteen years and had not exchanged thirty words.

Yet they had met twice a day for six months of the year, from April until October, on the country lanes radiating from the village of Brolly.

Major Bruce was always on foot, swinging his stick, smoking a pipe. Morlane would be on horseback in the morning, on foot in the afternoon. And at each meeting each one would raise his right hand to the brim of his hat courteously, half smile and pass on.

In a sense they were rivals, although probably not conscious of the fact. For the local people called the Britisher "an eccentric," while they had dubbed the count "an original."

Morlane de Brolly, of course, belonged to the region. His "castle," which was in reality only a large mansion, comparatively recent, as it had been erected during the reign of Louis XVIII to replace a stately residence destroyed by the revolution, stood on ground owned by his family since Merovingian days.

He himself was of the regional celebrities, a man who had served in the army with distinction, who had participated in two famous voyages of exploration in Cambodia. After his death, there would be a bust of him somewhere on the village square, or at the very least a marble plaque bearing his name.

Bruce was known simply as "the Englishman"—even the village shopkeepers listed his accounts under that title. He had first come fifteen years before, had rented a small villa belonging to the mayor, three hundred metres from the village, on a road leading to the castle.

There was no doubt that he was eccentric, for, without buying the place, he had installed a shower stall at his own expense. Moreover, his servant, an old woman to whom he did not address a hundred words a season, reported that he breakfasted on tea, sausages, and even some ignoble fish preparation; bloaters.

He would arrive during the first week in April and remain at the villa until mid-October, with only one break, the week between August tenth and seventeenth.

The regular absence caused considerable gossip, was explained with many romantic inventions in the cafes, and no Frenchman could conceive the simple reason—that the major went home for a bit of grouse shooting, which opens on the twelfth. Thus are mysteries created.

While in France, his habits were regular as clockwork. He walked and walked, mornings and afternoons, a lanky silhouette in brownish tweeds, crested by an old, battered hat. At night, according to the servant, he would read, listen to the radio, drink three stiff brandy and sodas, never two, never four, write a few letters, and turn in.

By GEORGES SURDEZ

His bony frame, his physique were British. But his face was French, people claimed, as he resembled Clemenceau more than a little. There was the same rather small head, the keen eyes under the bushy brows, the thick, walruslike moustache.

His French was fluent, with a foreign accent. But he spoke little. Occasionally he would stop to address a farmer in the fields, ask him a few questions, give him some advice as to just how things were done better in his country.

On the whole, Major Bruce was popular. He had a kind heart, for when Madame Petiton's husband was killed at the quarry he sent her two thousand francs without being asked.

When she had stopped him on the road to thank him he had colored a bit, nodded and walked off.

Also, it was known that he had been a soldier, an officer, for he had appeared at the village feast fair, when officially invited, with miniature decorations on his lapel, the French Legion of Honor and the War Cross conspicuous among them. But he had resolutely, if politely, turned down all efforts to win him.

Monsieur Morlane de Brolly was much older, crowding eighty, but vigorous and active as a youth. He was generous also, but in a lofty fashion, and never mentioned francs in his speech. Money was divided

A lucky shot by Major Bruce sent the first tank lumbering into the ditch.

would hitch two superb bay horses to an old-fashioned carriage, and turn coachman.

There was no radio in the master's quarters, and while the servants' rooms and the stables were lighted electrically, Morlane read in his spacious library in the soft radiance of an oil lamp. When he retired, Celestin would precede him to the bedroom, holding aloft a four-branched candlestick.

Physically, Morlane was a sort of giant, with wide, still-straight shoulders and great hands knotted with blue veins. People claimed that he looked like an Englishman because his face was long, narrow, and clean-shaven. In fact, he resembled the portrait of a namesake, painted by an obscure artist who signed himself Jolivard, which hung in the main hall.

This chap had commanded an eighty-gun ship under Louis XV, and had fought her until she sank, his bleeding leg stumps stuck in a barrel of sawdust.

Morlane de Brolly was naturally presumed to be a royalist. One of his ancestors had been captured at the Quiberon Landing by the republicans—and executed. Nevertheless, when the legitimists of the region had sought to enrol him officially, reminding him of his famous forebears who had died for

king and country, he had refused flatly.

"No one here present can boast having had more ancestors in the service of France than my orderly, Celestin. You'll have to find me a better reason."

The war started, but life went on as usual in Brolly.

Morlane did not purchase a radio, but Celestin would hover close to the servants' quarters to listen. On some pretext, he would go to the library, putter about until the count asked him casually: "Anything new, Celestin?"

After listening to the tidings of defeat, with his long, aristocratic face expressionless, he would pick up his book, pretend to resume reading. Neither of the old men ever yielded to a show of emotion.

When the population started to leave before the threatening advance of the enemy, Morlane immediately granted the servants permission to go. He opened a cash-box, distributed money, and advice. But when one of the women made bold to beg him to come along, he grew very cold.

"Celestin and I shall remain." He did not consult Celestin, there was no need. So some took the shopping car, others used the carriage and horses.

Please turn to page 26

TWO FEET FROM HEAVEN

In this instalment the scene changes to rural England, where a man is confronted with a memory of the past

By
P. C. WREN

IN the opening instalment of this serial the author, in a vivid flash-back, took you to pre-war London, with a flower girl as the central figure in a poignant tragedy.

On what should have been her "wedding" night, a ruffian attacked her, and the man she loved, in a frenzy, struck him dead with a poker from behind.

With no thought but of saving him, the flower girl convinced her beloved that the ruffian was only unconscious and persuaded him to escape in her clothes.

Next day, knowing the man she loved to be safely away, she gave herself up to the police, declaring that she had murdered the man.

Now read on:—

THERE are, in the south of England, three villages rejoicing in the sprightly name of Wallop, and respectively known as Upper Wallop, Middle Wallop and Nether Wallop. Facetious wayfarers wax hilarious over the names, and are apt to threaten each other with a middle wallop, if not indeed with a nether one.

I mention these authentic names in extenuation of that of our own very real village, Little Pudding, which causes the same kind of amusement to similar humorous transients. But in their tedious jests they do but show their ignorance, for we are not rightly pronounced Pudding as in suet, batter or Christmas, but Pudding to rhyme with scudding or budding.

Little Pudding is a village that has hardly changed a stone since Norman times or a red brick since those of the early Tudors. It is, moreover, as lovely, peaceful and sequestered as any in England.

We have only a perfect Norman church; a village street of half-timbered cottages; and some scattered houses, Elizabethan and earlier, in several of which live the descendants of the original owners.

Has a lifetime in this peaceful, lovely place made me an historical artist, or is it that, being a natural painter and lover of History, I see it and its past as one and indivisible, and love it almost as I love life and beauty?

And of all that is beautiful and interesting in this place I find Jacintha Neystoke most beautiful, and her husband, Richard Neystoke, most interesting. No, that is hardly correct, because I admire Jacintha so greatly that she interests me more than any other human being does; but Richard Neystoke is the most interesting, puzzling, intriguing man I have ever met.

It was very early in our acquaintance that he first puzzled and intrigued me—and that was many years ago.

It really was a rather curious episode, and it is one that I have never forgotten.

I thought at first, or, let me say, I pretended to think, that I had received the highest and most genuine compliment that ever painter received upon this earth, not excluding him to whom the birds of the air paid the remarkable compliment of trying to eat the painted fruit from his canvases.

My picture was "The Trial of Joan of Arc," not unknown to fame, as it was generally said to be the picture of the year at the Royal Academy—to which Neystoke and his wife had been unable to go. Thus it came about that I was able to give them a very private view of the picture when it came back to my study for a while, before going to its long home in the Tate Gallery.

As it happened, Neystoke saw it first and alone—fortunately, per-



Neystoke buried his face in his hands as if to shut the picture from his sight.

haps. The light being good, I was working in my studio when the vicar walked in, as I had invited him to do whenever he felt he wanted to see me, and the parlor-maid said I was "busy." If I really did not wish to be disturbed by anyone at all, the maid would say I was "engaged."

In his nice shy and charming way he asked if he might watch me painting for a little while, as, though no artist himself, he was deeply interested in pictures, and the technique of painting.

By and by, after I had finished what I was doing, and he had told me about some little parochial business, I asked him whether he would like to see "The Trial of Joan of Arc." He professed to be delighted at the opportunity of seeing here, in the very room in which it had been painted, what he was pleased to call my great and famous picture.

I drew aside the curtain that covered it, let up the sun-excluding blind that screened the east window, placed a chair for him, returned

to my work, and left him to it. There followed a long silence.

Suddenly I heard a sound so unexpected, strange, and—I had almost said alarming—that I turned sharply round to where the vicar sat.

"Oh, heaven!" he groaned softly to himself, and, as though forgetting my presence, forgetting everything but the pictured scene, buried his face in his hands as if to shut it from his sight.

I stared in amazement, and realised that he was trembling; shaking, indeed, from head to foot.

Then he groaned again, like a man in agony; like a man who

had suffered a dreadful shock, if not a mortal wound.

Well, this was very remarkable, to say the least of it. I had not realised that the picture, though admittedly tragic and powerful, was as powerful as all that.

The art critics who infest the academy and enrich the public Press with their doubtless valuable opinions had used both these adjectives quite freely; had professed to find it heart-searching

and of terrible appeal. They had said that no one could gaze upon it unmoved, or fail to be haunted by the face of Joan or by those of her cruel, remorseless and fanatical judges.

But I had not read or heard of anyone being so uncontrollably affected as the vicar apparently was. I had received no tidings of tears, groans, or rigors of trembling.

And yet this amazing performance on the part of the vicar was only the overture, for, before my astounded and incredulous eyes, his body bowed more and more, his head sank lower and lower, until he finally slumped altogether, collapsed, and slid sideways from the chair.

"Well, well!" I thought again, really for a moment too astounded to move. "That's what I call a true compliment!"

For, though you may turn on a rapt expression to order, you cannot turn on a faint, and pass out on the floor—not convincingly, with your face as white as a sheet and with every appearance of being a perfectly good corpse.

I lifted poor little Neystoke up, laid him on the divan, and sprinkled some water from a flower-vase on his waxen white face. In a moment he opened his eyes and boyishly inquired as to what was up.

I told him that my conceit of myself was undoubtedly up; and, as far as I knew, he was the only person who had been what my cook calls struck all of a heap by the sight of one of my pictures.

Declining brandy in favor of a glass of water, he sat up, pulled himself together, and began to look a bit better as the color returned to his face.

"Have you been overdoing the fasting?" I asked.

Of course, I knew perfectly well that my picture had had nothing to do with this all-too-timely attack, but I noticed that, nevertheless, he took one swift glance at it, and visibly shuddered before he replied.

Please turn to page 16

ROAD'S END

By Margaret E. Sangster



"We found the puppy a long, long way from here," Molly explained gently.

MOLLY said, "We've come to the end of the road, Joe," although they were on a wide rural boulevard in the midst of Sunday evening traffic. She added in a stiff, aching voice, "We'd better call it a day before we get to hate each other."

It was just then that the little white dog darted out from the kerb and flung himself in front of their car.

Joe said something swift and breathless, that was half profane and half a prayer. He jerked the car to a stop with a shrieking of brakes. Behind him a dozen cars followed suit. "Didn't hit the fool pup," he grated, "but it was—so—damn—close."

The little dog was standing stock-still, bewildered by the medley of lights. Molly said, "He's lost—and it's only a matter of time before he'll be smashed to a jelly. Maybe I can catch him." She opened the door, alid to the ground and advanced towards the puppy.

"Nice lamb," she crooned to an accompaniment of tooting motor horns. "Good little dog. Come to Molly."

Usually, when a dog's a stray, he runs blindly from the hand that is outstretched in friendship, but the little white puppy was too petrified to run. He stood with his mouth slightly open, and with his straight stiffly held legs a quiver.

Molly swooped to him and lifted him in her arms. He didn't snap at her as lost dogs often do; he just held himself tense, and the trembling, if anything, increased. And then Molly was back in the car and Joe was turning into a side road and the traffic was going on again as if there had been no interruption.

It had all happened so swiftly. Molly discovered that her teeth were chattering. Joe was white, too, beneath his tan. "It's rotten to kill something," he said briefly, and parked the car under a tree. Molly wondered for a split second whether he was referring to the dog.

"Yes, it is," she agreed.

Joe drummed with his fingers on the steering wheel. He cast a side glance at Molly—a glance which finally shifted downward to the puppy who sat rigid in the circle of her arms. "That's the kind of dog we would find," he said. "It's one of those dogs—"

"Yes," agreed Molly.

Joe went on. It was as if he were sparring for time. "People never find cocker spaniels or wirehairs or dachshunds," he said conversationally. "It's always these white woolly things. What'll we do with him, Molly?"

"Her," corrected Molly. "He's a her."

"It would be," said Joe. Again his fingers drummed on the steering wheel. "Well, I suppose we should take her to the police station."

"But the dog hasn't committed any crime," said Molly, and realised as she spoke that she'd said something foolish.

"She's got herself lost," said Joe. "She's a vagrant—and that's a misdemeanor. I wonder if there is a police station in this place."

"We'll ask," said Molly, and stroked the little dog's woolly head. "There, there," she crooned. "Don't be scared—you're safe."

"You can be so darned nice to a beastly little dog," said Joe. "Who'll we ask?"

"The dog doesn't keep scrapping with me," said Molly. "The dog doesn't say I'm lacking in—sense." She added, "We'll ask the first person who comes along."

The first person who came along was a boy in the gangling stage. He had a girl with him. Joe leaned out of the car and spoke politely.

"Is there a police station hereabouts?" he asked.

The boy stopped short and peered into the car. The girl who was with

him took stock, even in the remote dimness, of Molly's pert little hat.

"Why, yes," said the boy at last. "You go down to the main road—that's two blocks from here—and you turn left for six blocks and then you turn left again, and there's a green light—and that's the police station."

"Thanks," said Joe, and put the car in gear. They were on the main road before he spoke again. "We would," he said, "land in gaol."

Molly didn't answer. She was fondling the dog's ears, which were surprisingly soft and silky. "Poor little thing," she crooned, "somebody must love you—you're wearing a red collar and a red necktie."

"Is she wearing a licence, too?" asked Joe.

"No," said Molly. "Lost dogs never wear licences—I've found that out."

"Well, then," said Joe, "the person who loves her doesn't love her enough to put a tag on her."

"Putting a tag on a person," Molly murmured, "doesn't always stand—for love."

"That's a dirty crack," said Joe, and there was no more conversation until they reached the police station.

Molly said: "You hold the puppy, Joe, and I'll go inside and ask questions."

"I thought," said Joe, "that you were taking the puppy into the police and leaving her there."

Molly deposited the little dog—it wasn't trembling so much now—in Joe's lap. "Don't be a fool," she said. "I want to inquire if anybody's reported a lost dog. They don't board dogs in police stations. Hold on to her collar, will you? I don't want her to run away again." And then—disregarding Joe's muttered "It would be fine if she did," she was out of the car and walking into the station.

Three policemen were behind a long counter; one was writing something in a book, one was drawing pictures on a piece of scrap paper, and one was staring at his face in a pocket mirror. He glanced up at Molly's approach and put the mirror in his pocket.

"Yes, ma'am?" he asked.

"Has anybody reported a little white female dog?" Molly asked. "She's a sort of terrier and she's wearing a red collar and a red bow."

"Lose one?" asked the policeman who was writing in the book.

"No," said Molly. She smiled her best smile. "I found one about eight blocks from here. We nearly ran over her."

"Well," said the policeman who was writing in the book, "nobody's reported losing a dog."

The policeman who was drawing pictures started to sketch Molly's profile. "You can leave her here," he said languidly, "the dog, I mean—and we'll shoot her over to the pound."

Pound had such an ugly sound. Such a hopeless sound. Molly felt an involuntary chill creep up her spine.

"But the dog's so little," she said. "No—I think I won't leave her with you. If—if anybody reports that such a dog is lost, well, here's my address and telephone number. I don't live out here, you see. I'm from the city." She gave a street address and a telephone number and her name.

The policeman who was writing in a book made an entry. "Okay," he said. "We'll call you up if anybody phones in; but they probably won't. What'll you do with the pup if nobody wants to admit they've lost it?"

Molly told him: "Heavens! I don't know. Maybe we'll keep her for a while, or we'll board her at a vet's or something. Oh, I don't know."

The first policeman gazed hard at Molly. "You've got a heart, lady," he said at last. "You've got a big heart. Ain't many people who care if things get lost or hurt or—"

He left the sentence unfinished.



Joe stood watching Molly and the old man rather wistfully.

Molly felt herself flushing, and it wasn't the compliment, either, that brought the sultry red to her cheeks. "Thanks," she said. "And be sure to call me if you find the dog's owner." And then she was backing out of the police station and Joe was hailing her from the car.

"What luck?" he wanted to know. Molly hopped in and shut the door. "No luck," she said soberly.

Joe was fondling the dog's ears, now. "She's a nice little cuss," he said. "Affectionate—she licked my nose. Maybe she wouldn't look so bad if she were washed. Maybe we'll have to keep her."

Molly waived. "I don't want to keep a dog like that. If I ever have a dog, I want a good one. And besides—well, I don't think this is the time for us to—"

She bit off her words sharply. "I get you," said Joe. "Take the pup; I've got to drive." He handed the little dog over to Molly and started the car again. "Where do we go from here?" he said.

"Home, I suppose," said Molly. Her voice was a trifle bitter as she uttered the word "home."

Joe turned the nose of the car in the direction they had so recently travelled. "Some kid's probably crying its eyes out," he said. "Only a kid would tie a red ribbon like that on such a scrubby little pup."

"Don't," said Molly. She leaned over and peered, through a tangle of fur, into the dog's wistful eyes. "Why don't you speak up," she asked, "and tell us where you belong?"

The little dog barked, just once. "She's trying to," said Joe. "It's a darn shame we're too dumb—to understand."

Molly let it sink in for a moment—that bit about being too dumb to understand. And then suddenly she was touched by inspiration.

"Listen, Joe," she said. "let's go back to the place where we found the dog."

"Why?" asked Joe. "I've a hunch," Molly told him. "I'll take off my belt and fasten it to the dog's collar—make a sort of leash, you know."

Please turn to page 24

FASHION PORTFOLIO

September 27, 1941

The Australian Women's Weekly

9

Clever ways to brighten the wardrobe

● If you've got a white or black turban that looks sadly dated, rekindle it by planking a huge clump of bright flowers high up over the forehead.



● Try pepping-up a simple frock of bright silk linen by introducing a dewy-fresh frosting of white pique in the yoke and sleeves.



● An odd tweed skirt like this one in hectic red, green, and white plaid will take a new lease of life with the simple addition of a youthful Kelly-green blouse and a scarlet weskit-cum-jerkin.



● A rather dreary frock of dull black crepe can be relieved from sobriety with a draped yoke and crushed cummerbund in luscious dusty-pink.

● A prim suit of black sheer wool takes on new significance with a spanking fresh collar in black-and-white striped linen. For further chic a matching striped sailor speared with red and green quills.



● Bored with one of your evening frocks? Then cut off the bodice and league the skirt with a faintly Oriental jacket in a beguiling floral crepe.



● Tailored frock and jacket in tan sheer wool achieves springlike charm with a crisp white pique collar and bows.



● Add a flippant blouse of red-and-white checked gingham to a trimly tailored blue suit and watch it come to life. Just for fun have a hatband of the gingham, too.

Renner

YOUNG and TRIM



● Two young and exhilarating styles with a patriotic theme. The dashing sailor frock is made of dazzling white silk shantung and marks a return of the flattering midgy blouse. A casually knotted blue scarf garnishes the neckline, and an amusing white pique cap is planked on the back of the head. The shirtwaist frock of silk crepe print features a tailored navy bodice and full red skirt, both liberally scattered with summery white daisies. With it a white straw halo bonnet.



(1)

● Stunning tailored suit of white linen is Darville's spring suggestion. Navy- and -white spotted silk provides an effective contrast for the blouse and the little bows which fasten the jacket. (Top right.)

(2)

● Dramatic sports outfit with a Western tang. The nonchalant blouse is of heavy tan linen and the Indian cotton dirndl skirt is striped in tan, nigger-brown, and yellow. The clever bag is sueded pig-skin. (Right.)



● The tied-at-the-waist shirt of little Mexican boys is adapted for this dress. Made of white suede crepe and worn with a royal-blue sweater.

IN *Lingerie* **KAYSER** PRESENTS

Shining Kay-Gleam and dull crepe-de-chene are partners in style! Embroidered lover's knot and gathered tunic give the dash of difference you adore!

A Spring Fashion
FROM THE **KAYSER** STUDIO OF STYLE
Definitely I'm a ONE BRAND woman now... I insist on KAYSER

NIGHT-TIME SILHOUETTES



Sketched by
PETROV



● Slinky frock of heavy black crepe achieves distinction with a deep bateau neckline and raglan sleeves in lace.

● Gay frock in vivid pottery-red sheer with skirt finely pleated and stitched and the bodice banded in white sheer spotted with red. (Centre.)

● The fetching bare-midriff trend with brief, draped bodice done in red jersey and skirt in white marquisette applied in red and green motifs. (Extreme left.)



● Shirtwaist frock in white organza scattered with green sprays and the fitted bodice criss-crossed with bands of green braid. Huge filmy sleeves and a cool, deep-plunging V neckline add further chic.

PROVED by Scientific HALF-HEAD Tests New Shampoo Thrills Thousands!



Proved these 4
Amazing Advantages:
1. Up to 33% more lustre.
2. Leaves hair silkier, smoother.
3. Faster, safer "perming."
4. Helps keep hair's elasticity.

TESTS SHOW THRILLING DIFFERENCE:
LEFT—Soap-washed side. Hair dulled by "alkali-dim." RIGHT—Colinated side. Hair shining, silky-bright.

No other shampoo tested beautified hair so thrillingly—yet left it so easy to handle!

HERE is, perhaps, the strictest and most convincing test anyone has ever dared to make on a shampoo. And it proves this revolutionary new shampoo gives almost unbelievable results . . . a triumph for the exclusive patented "Colinating" process. In these unique "half-head" tests, one side of the head is washed with Colinated foam—the other with a fine soap or powder shampoo. And the results? . . . 1. The Colinated side was far more lustrous and shining. 2. Felt smoother and silkier. 3. Took better permanent waves, faster. 4. Hair retained more "spring"—fell back into more natural curl. Not a soap, not an oil, this amazing shampoo changes instantly into a magic-cleansing bubble foam that washes away grease, dirt and loose dandruff completely.

No special rinses needed, for there is no "soap scum" or oily residue to remove. (Costs less than 4d. a shampoo!) Ask your chemist, store or hairdresser to-day for a bottle of Colinated foam Shampoo.

Half hair washed with Colinated foam, other half with fine soap or powder shampoo—so nothing affected results except the shampoo themselves.

Helps "Perms" Take Faster
In every case, Colinated foam-washed hair requires less steaming time under the wave machine to take a lovely wave.

Clatten-Williams Pty. Ltd. . . . Sydney.



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MACLEANS makes yellow teeth white.
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1/- and 1/6 PER TUBE



BRITISH TO THE TEETH

Fashion PATTERNS



F3165.—Pretty style for florals with heart-shaped, draped neckline. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 4yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F2151.—For small boys—a trim suit featuring a contrasting yoke. 2 to 8 years. Requires: 1½yds., and 1yd. contrast, 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/4.

F1678.—Dainty summer style with draped bodice and crushed cummerbund. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 4½yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F3241.—Cool spotted frock with heart-shaped neckline and high-waisted flared skirt. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 3½yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F1937.—Effective evening gown with a broad cummerbund to discipline the draped bodice and flowing skirt. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 9½yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/10.

F3291.—Classic style for business. Made with pleated skirt and crisp white revers. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 3½yds., and 1yd. contrast, 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F3292.—For matrons—a flattering summer frock featuring bracelet-length sleeves and a pleated skirt. 38 to 44 bust. Requires: 4½yds., and 1yd. contrast, 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

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To ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should: * Write your name and full address in block letters. * Be sure to include necessary stamps and postal notes. * State size required. * For children, state age of child. * Use box numbers given on concession coupon.



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F1937

F3291

F3292

On the Social Record

by Miss Midnight

Wedding fashions . . .

SO many weddings these days feel sure guests haven't time to put white gloves away in tissue paper between ceremonies.

Varied choice of bridal array interests me greatly:

Classical gown of white beaded crepe for Helen Basche's marriage to Robert Noss, St. Mark's, Darling Point. Empire frock of silver-and-white French moire for Mabs Fleming . . . bridegroom Lieutenant Leonard Murray, ceremony St. Clement's Church, Mosman.

Sheila Neville Smith's choice a beaded dinner frock of mist-blue crepe . . . marries John Bushelle, at St. Mark's. Tailored white satin-embossed lame for Ruth Banks for marriage with Dr. Wallace Foulsham.

White accessories with afternoon frock of sea-blue suede crepe for Kathleen Dunne (Mrs. Ellis Makinson after ceremony at St. Mary's Cathedral) . . . and Marie Fayette Dunworth's gown a bouffant satin taffeta with heart-shaped neckline. Bridegroom is John D. Kenny.

Ardgour romance . . .

A NOTICE in the London "Times" is first indication Governor's daughter, Hon. Henrietta Loder, has of school-friend Catriona Maclean's engagement to Aiden Mark Sprot.

Immediately writes congratulatory letter to daughter of 16th Laird of Ardgour, but some time yet before reply expected with news of wedding plans.

Tells me she met Aiden Sprot at dinner party given by Catriona at London home of grandmother, Lady Inverclyde, before she and Henrietta journeyed to Australia together four years ago.

What's in a name? . . .

"DO you like Marilyn?" is question Eula Macdonald asks husband, Major Laurence Macdonald, in letter to Middle East . . . Subject under discussion is what to call three-weeks-old daughter, who must wait until return mail before being named.

The Reg Prevosts also undecided on name for third daughter . . . Jocelyn is father's choice and Angela mother's favorite.

Rooms with a view . . .

A NURSERY apiece for daughters Morweena and Carolyn in the Ian Hawkers' new home, Pymble.

Two-storied house surrounded by natural bush is painted off-white, and Phyllis chooses pastel shades for furnishings. Blue-and-silver room for two-year-old Morweena. All complete in another two weeks.

Back to country . . .

IN town for a day after honeymoon on North Coast, Lieut. and Mrs. Harry Tonkin leave for home, Brooklyn, Molong . . . then camp again for Lieut. Tonkin.

Ruth only 20 miles from former home, Westholm, Molong property of parents, the L. L. Dengates.

Engagement . . .

LOVELY emerald-cut diamond and platinum ring for Joan Jenkins, of Killara, from Sub-Lieutenant Ron Penglase, R.A.N.R.

Joan and fiancé return from visit to latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. Penglase, of Reade Park, Adelaide, after announcing engagement there. She is elder daughter of Major and Mrs. G. B. Jenkins.

Waste not . . .

SEE Enid Riddle in workmanlike navy boiler suit and service cap driving N.E.S. grey truck . . . collects newspapers and milk-bottle tops for Woollahra branch.

Shares salvage duties with 15 other qualified ambulance drivers . . . Betty Binnie, Connie White, Helen Alexander, Alix Bennet Bremner, Helen Stewart, and Pussy King take turns at wheel on different days.

After five months branch has in hand nearly half funds necessary for objective . . . purchase of £500 ambulance. Mrs. Arthur Tickle lends garage at Double Bay for storage and sorting depot.

From Melbourne . . .

FAMILY foursome here from Melbourne . . . Mr. and Mrs. Jim Pittenrich with son David and wife. The David Pittenrichs (Werri Park, Benalla) fly across, but parents prefer train travelling.

First visit here since pre-war days, thoroughly enjoy renewing acquaintances and reluctant to return so soon . . . only ten days' trip.

Change of scene . . .

ACTING in loco parents to niece Jennifer Vickery, Rita Swan is at Yarrawith, Walcha, while sister Sheila is in Sydney.

Rita has Elizabeth Watson, of Bowral, with her at the Vickerys' country home.

Planning ahead . . .

AN indoor Randwick (prelude to spring meeting) complete with bookie (Bede Foster), clerk and striped umbrella at Fun and Games party, Pickwick, this Friday, for Deaf, Dumb, and Blind Institution. Dancing until wee sma' hours. Mrs. E. K. White heads committee.

Pony rides for very young patrons, chocolate wheels, and all kinds of novelty stalls at Market Day in grounds of Royal North Shore hospital, this Saturday. Nurses at hospital undertake lucky packet stall, which promises lots of treasures.

Recent performance of Dutch ballet number so popular at Sydney Hospital variety night, dancers (trained by Mrs. A. F. Burrett) asked to repeat ballet for hospital ball on October 4 . . . Nancy Goozee, candidate in Queen of the Flowers competition; Edith East, Barbara Gillett, Alma Hahn, Olive Lynch, and Joyce Stanbridge in ballet.

Such is infamy . . .

WHAT I like best in high-and-low-brow art show (N.Z. Association) is cartoon of prisoner in the dock (with unmistakable Goebbels head) and caption, "Oh, I wouldn't lie your honor, I know where people go when they lie."

Guests guess identity of famous faces substituted on cartoon figures from well-known magazines . . . proceeds towards funds for entertainment of N.Z. service men.

Seen around town . . .

TWO visitors from Singapore looking cool and summery . . . Mrs. A. G. Donn, in lipstick-red and white dotted silk ensemble and matching red straw hat, and Mrs. J. H. Wichers (I learn to say Vickers), in Ball beige draped frock and plum-colored beret.



● LUNCHEON DATE at Romano's for youthful visitors Billie Ince (left), from Melbourne, and Marjorie Hoskins, Exeter.



● REHEARSING the La Conga for Argentine carnival at Trocadero, October 9. Aid Industrial Blind. Nuttie Mackellar and Nicholas Ioungine.



● GREY TAILLEURS for Melbourne visitors Merrie Urquhart (left) and Mrs. Robert Jordan, at Prince's. Here to see L.a.c.'s Peter Hedderwick and Robert Jordan.



● VEGETABLES for sale! Nuttie Kennedy with arms full of celery helps Lord Mayor's Younger Set fund.



● DOUBTFUL WHICH one to back? Country punter at Randwick, Mrs. Ken Mackay, Dungog.



● FIRST DAY at C.U.S.A. Cafe, new worker Enid Fyson (right) fitted for uniform by Margaret Wilson. Cafe proceeds for C.U.S.A. welfare huts in N.S.W. and Lord Mayor's Patriotic Fund.



● PRIVATE JACK McGAHEY, Queensland, with Betty Tilley at Red Cross Transport Clubroom for interstate men invalided home from overseas.



● TO WED in race week. Amber Jacobs matches blonde streak in raven locks with leopard skin coat.

An Editorial

SEPTEMBER 27, 1941.

BUDGETING— BUT NOT BOMBS

WHEN Australia hears the worst from Mr. Fadden's colossal wartime budget next week there will be much rueful counting of the household pennies to see how new taxation demands can be met.

It would be heartless to suggest that such increased demands will not mean real sacrifices in many homes already feeling the economies of wartime budgeting.

And yet we Australians can still be Pollyannas and count our blessings.

There are few countries in the world where the hideous marks of war are so little seen as here.

In many homes there is sorrow, the deep irrevocable sorrow of a loss on the field of battle.

In thousands of homes there is unending anxiety for a loved one serving with the armed forces. Such sorrow and anxiety are inevitable in wartime.

But mothers can sleep at nights without the agony of wondering if Nazi bombs will kill their children before morning.

By day, husbands go to work in trains and trams that run to the old peacetime schedules, without hazard of craters, torn-up rails, unexploded bombs.

The housewife goes out to her shopping knowing she can buy whatever she needs, that meat and sugar and tea, fruit and greens are to be had in plenty.

Our English cousins have learnt, bitterly, the difference between the real necessities that will sustain life and the abundance of good things that have long been called necessities.

Such bitter experience may never come to us. Looked at from the point of view of conditions overseas we live in a thrice blessed land.

—THE EDITOR.

Letters from our Boys

THOSE little bits which you read to friends from letters from husbands, sons or sweethearts in the fighting forces will interest and comfort other Australians through this page.

The Australian Women's Weekly invites readers to send in copies of the sections of letters which they think may interest others. £1 is paid for each extract published on this page.

Sergeant J. H. Taylor to Mrs. M. B. Gardiner, Gerogery, N.S.W.:

"AFTER hiding in caves in Crete for two months after the evacuation, I am back safe and sound in Palestine.

"When the evacuation started a good many were left behind in the hurry and bustle, yours truly with them.

"So rather than go behind barbed-wire we went bush. We left our position about 7.30 a.m. on May 28, and we made the opposite side of the island—thirty-odd miles over very mountainous country—about four o'clock the following morning.

"I for one was nearly dead on my feet. We slept all that day and at night we went to a nearby beach. A party of signallers with us tried to contact a ship. Just on dawn next day an aeroplane flew over.

"We got a message to it and the pilot dropped us some cases of chocolate and medical supplies. Next night he came back and dropped two flares, and the third night he dropped another two flares.

"We thought we would get off any day. We stayed on the beach for about a fortnight, and food was very scarce.

"Then we heard that a German patrol was coming in our direction and we had to move back into the mountains. We lived in caves for two months, with a good few fleas—millions of them. Later they got quite friendly.

"We soon got more food than we needed, so we were quite comfortable.

"Then we heard that the German patrol had left the beach, so we moved back and were lucky enough to get a boat, and here we are, none the worse. I think the worst part was not being able to let our people know where we were."

Sergeant Gordon Foster in the Middle East to Miss L. Rosengarten at 81 Nelson St., St. Peters, S.A.:

"TWO nights ago Jerry came over as usual, but instead of dropping the fair to medium size bomb he started to drop the big fellows!

"I was in bed when all the fun started, but as soon as our guns opened up K. C. Wilson and I dived up top to see if any of their planes had been brought down.

"Suddenly we heard the old familiar scream of a dropping bomb and scuttled into our hole.

"We thought the darn thing was going to land somewhere between us and we looked at each other—sort of taking a last look.

"Well, down she came, and hit the turf and didn't explode! Boy, were we relieved!

"Found out in the morning that it had fallen some distance from us and that it was one of Jerry's biggest.

"The reason that it did not explode was made apparent when the bomb demolition squad took the fuse out and found inside a note reading 'Good luck. This is the best I can do!'

"So we must have some friends in another country."

Winnie the War Winner



"We just thought we'd camouflage it for you, Captain."

An ambulance driver in Syria to his daughters, Edith and Gwen Hart, of Flood St., Leichhardt, N.S.W.:

"THE heat here is helping to make a lot of our soldiers sick, so we are pretty busy with our ambulance. While the ambulance is busy Daddy has to stop here and work, so he can't come home yet.

"So you get the 'remembers' too, sometimes? I like to talk about all the things we used to do, too, and you can tell Mum about all the things we are going to do when Daddy is able to come home again some day.

"I wondered the other day if you remember how we used to sing 'Little Sir Echo' and 'Little Old Lady'.

"The boys and girls are Arabs here in Syria, though a lot of them speak French because this land used to belong to France.

"There are some of them sitting on the wall now and calling 'Bananas, grapes, tomatoes very nice, Mister'.

"Some sell eggs or get our clothes to wash, as they are very poor.

"They are much better Arab children than the ones I told you about in Palestine. Those were very lazy and could only ask for 'Baksheesh', but these try to earn a bit of money instead of wanting it for nothing.

"Yesterday, as I was driving along, an Arab boy threw a bit of watermelon at the truck and it flew in and knocked a bit of skin off my nose. So they are not all nice, but just like Australian boys, some good, some bad.

"Be good girls for Mummy, and I hope it won't be very long before I can come home and play 'remembers' with you."

A corporal in Tobruk to his wife at East Preston, Vic.:

"WE are now having a spell in a quiet spot behind the lines, and have met a lot of Tommies with whom we have palled up. They are a grand lot.

"They held a concert in an enlarged bomb-crater the other night, and invited us over.

"There were about 120 Tommies and Aussies, and it's a long time since I enjoyed a show like this. It was quite a break to hear a bit of music.

"One chap composed a musical sketch called 'The Woodlands of Barce', and they played it on a mellow piano. It was a beautiful melody. I believe they are playing it over the B.B.C.

"Another chap played the harmonica, and another was a comedian, acting and singing and using the audience as helpers at times.

"A quartet sang 'Trees' and 'Passing By' very well.

"We joined in several choruses and altogether spent a very enjoyable couple of hours. They are going to hold another one soon and have asked some of us to render a few items."

Private Norman de Lacy in Tobruk to his brother in Kalgoorlie, W.A.:

"SOMETIMES after dark Jerry holds a mock party outside his lines. They clink empty bottles together (they know we haven't been able to obtain any liquor for a long time) and sing 'We're going to hang our washing on the Siegfried Line.' This is followed by loud laughter and shouting.

"We Britishers sit up on top of the trenches and sing 'The Fatherland.' This never fails to shut them up.

"The other day Jerry flew over dropping leaflets which said: 'Why don't you surrender? Why sacrifice yourselves like the boys in Crete and Greece? Fly the white flag and be better off'—and so on.

"So we replied by flying the white flag, on which was printed: 'If you want us, come and get us.'"

A corporal who was wounded in the Syrian campaign to Mr. F. G. Menzies, Calliope, Qld.:

"ONCE we stormed a place in which were many haystacks. Most of these were sham ones, covering pillbox machine-gun nests, and all harbored the enemy.

"We were tearing hell out of everything with bombs and bayonets, and going for everything that provided any cover.

"One chap raced up to a small, thin-walled mud structure, shouting, 'Come out and get it!'

"He ripped his bayonet in, and they came out all right—thousands of bees!

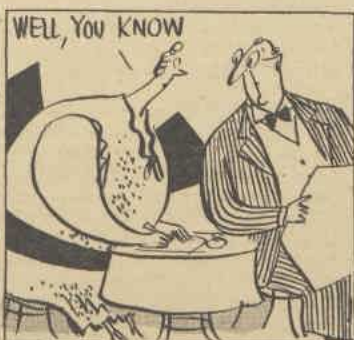
"They gave him hell, and I last saw him tearing his hair and making back in the direction of Australia at a rate to put Eddie Tolan to shame.

"Even in the dawn amid all that uproar it was a scream.

"In the same stoush I had my left boot trimmed off by a machine-gun and my lip torn with shrapnel, neither doing me much harm.

"Unfortunately the campaign ended for me with injuries received when a shell blew a wall of rocks on top of me."

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . By WEP



Australian in the naval raid on Spitzbergen

"He's always in the exciting shows," says Sydney fiancée

By Beam Wireless from MARY ST. CLAIRE, Our Representative in England.

When Norwegian, Canadian, and British troops raided Spitzbergen to carry off the population and set fire to valuable mines there, with them was a tall, fair-haired, good-looking South Australian, Lieutenant Max Burnley, R.A.N.V.R., serving on a destroyer of the Royal Navy.

Max, who is engaged to Joy Barratt, of Sydney, is now holidaying quietly in Devon on the first leave he's had for nearly nine months in which he has seen many major sea battles.

HE was hunting for the Bismarck when one morning he saw the Hood blown up. He was also in a naval action off Petsamo.

"Spitzbergen is one of the prettiest spots imaginable," he told me. "It is of glacial formation with mountains covered with snow and ice. We entered a fiord twenty miles long with only the narrowest entrance, like some lovely inland sea."

"We took off Russians; brought Norwegians to England."

"They are all very musical and both the Russians and Norwegians played guitars day and night, singing national songs of their countries."

"The Russians used a very pungent perfume. It is alcoholic, so they rub it on their bodies, in their hair, and drink it."

"Though at first it is pleasant to the nostrils, it becomes very heavy after a while, and we've had trouble getting the smell of it out of the ship."

"The busiest person in Spitzbergen was the minister," said Lieutenant Burnley, "for there were ten weddings celebrated in the brief twenty-four hours the islanders were given to pack up."

Lieutenant Burnley has some lovely seal and bear skins he's having tanned. These were presents from the people of Spitzbergen. He's also tasted the eggs of the



LIEUTENANT MAX BURNLEY, of the Royal Navy, who was in the raid on Spitzbergen. He was an Adelaide yachtsman.

elder duck which, he says, are delicious. They had some good shooting, provisioning the ships' larders with pigs and other live stock from the island.

The Navy and Army were given the friendliest reception at Spitzbergen, but the troops were bitterly disappointed there was no "scrapping."

Everyone came away with presents of fur-lined boots, skins of Arctic animals, fur coats or caps.

Pits were put out of operation, wireless stations were wrecked, and anything that could be of use to the enemy was destroyed.

Lieutenant Burnley told me that the Norwegian women were very handsome with their white skin, brilliant blue eyes, and fair hair with touches of golden red set off by their brightly-colored clothes.

All wore white fur jackets, and even the smallest child had a fur coat.

"Every housewife carried the key of her home, and each had calmly turned the key in the lock and slipped it into a handbag as though going down the street for a morning's shopping," said Lieutenant Burnley.

"Later I met Spitzbergen girls in dance frocks, laughing and happy, dancing with Canadian and Norwegian soldiers."

Max Burnley has a brother, Lieutenant Dudley Burnley, on another destroyer, but it is nearly a year since they've seen each other.

Another brother, Sergeant Bernard Burnley, is a wireless signaller with the R.A.A.F. in Kenya, and Sergeant Ira Burnley is with the A.I.F. in the Middle East.

Fiancee in Sydney

"I WASN'T surprised to hear that Max had been to Spitzbergen. He usually manages to get into all the exciting shows," said Lieutenant Burnley's fiancée, Miss Joy Barratt, interviewed at her home at Edgecliff, Sydney.

"I try not to worry about him and as he has always turned up safe and sound after any battles I really have plenty of confidence now," she said.

Miss Barratt, who is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Barratt, became engaged to Lieut. Burnley a year ago, just five weeks before he sailed for overseas.

Their marriage will take place at the end of the war, as soon as he returns to Australia.

Miss Barratt is a member of the Point Piper Voluntary Aid Detachment.



MISS JOY BARRATT, of Edgecliff, Sydney, who has been engaged to Lieutenant Max Burnley for a year.

ARCTIC SNOWS at Spitzbergen, where Norwegian, Canadian and British forces landed.

Boyhood in Adelaide

LOVE of the sea is in the blood of Lieutenant Burnley.

With his three brothers, Ira, Dudley, and Bernard, he spent all his childhood days on the beach.

The minute they came in from school they used to rush out and go sailing.

Now he writes out to former busi-

ness colleagues that his life has been full of excitement.

"We met the Bismarck. What a ship she was! But she didn't have a chance against our Navy," he wrote.

"Saw the Hood sink, which was a bit grim after a hell of a night looking for the Bismarck."

"Sleet and rain. My fingers used to freeze one hand at a time and then thaw out again. Great fun, I assure you."

"Think I have spent about four nights in pyjamas over the last month and haven't slept more than four hours at a stretch. The Navy has its fingers on everything and our ships are good."



Ronald! did you hurt yourself?

"Only a black eye, Gwendolyn"

Tut! Tut! And another tut, Ronald. Remember this . . . when you can see, you're safe. Buy yourself an Eveready flash-light, old boy. After that you can go to the tool-shed after dark, look for slugs under the cabbages, or see your way to the bathroom without switching on the electric light and waking the whole

family. But don't shop for bargain torches. Insist on an Eveready flash-light. It always works. Complete with Eveready batteries, 5/9d. The batteries are as important as the flash-light. If you already have a flash-light insist on longer-lasting Eveready batteries when you buy refills.

Y.Y. 41



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G.17.26

NEYSTOKE

shook his head. "No," he said. "I only fast before Communion Service," he added.

Then, after an uncomfortable silence, he shot at me the question which, I think, he had been trying to refrain from asking.

"Who?" he said, suddenly and urgently. "Who is she? I mean where did you see her?"

"Who?" I asked. "See whom? Joan, do you mean?"

"Yes. Yes. The woman. Yes, Joan of Arc. She's... I know her... Did she sit for you?"

Well, well, well, I thought again. Here's a rum start, as cook also says. And I told him exactly how and where and when I came to get that face of all faces for my Joan... A case of murder...

That ideal face, born and fashioned—and tortured—for me; or, rather, for posterity.

It was, indeed, a strange business, and I thought, of little else for a very long time.

"There is more in this than meets the eye," said I to myself in my wisdom.

And there was certainly more in it than met the ear also, for he never said one word in explanation and enlightenment; and I, of course, refrained from questioning him.

Well, Richard Neystoke is our vicar, then, and no parish ever had a better one; absolutely first-class; gifted; conscientious to a fault; and as kind, courteous and helpful to the humblest old villager as to Sir Giles and Lady Herriott themselves. A gentleman, in fact, and the right man in the right place.

Being an artist with a love of portrait-painting, I am, of course, a physiognomist. I study faces professionally, and I glance at every

new face I meet, to see whether it exhibits anything of interest, shows any sign of originality, difference from the mass, something that makes it paintable. (I looked for years, and in vain, for my Joan of Arc, and found her at last in the prisoner's dock of a criminal court of justice.)

Richard Neystoke's face interested me when I first saw him in the pulpit here, and mainly because of its contradictions, its strength and weakness, its pride and humility, its asceticism and sensuality, and because of the repressed fanaticism that it indicated. The face, thought I, of a man possessed of a dual personality.

It interested me yet more when I came to know him well and to see him almost daily, because gradually I realised that it was the haunted face of a frightened man. Fear lurked behind the kind, smiling eyes and occasionally it peeped out.

From the time when, not long after his arrival here, he spent that hour with me in my studio, I began to see that he was living under a great strain; was bearing some burden that was almost too heavy for his strength; and that anxiety and apprehension were his familiar companions. Never did he seem able to relax, and even in what should have been his hours of ease he was tense; his hands were always clenched or grasping each other so tightly that his knuckles showed white and hard.

From that day, soon after Neystoke's first coming, I used to talk about him to my old friend Dr. Bennett, who was just as deeply interested in him—or rather in his

Two Feet from Heaven

Continued from page 7

curious nervous condition—as I was myself, but in a different way.

To Bennett he was a study in pathology, to me in humanity.

Later, at Jacintha's earnest request, I persuaded him to consult Bennett professionally, and thereafter Bennett would not discuss him at all, though formerly he did so quite freely.

Whether this was because Neystoke was now his patient, and the health of his patients was not a subject concerning which the punctilious doctor cared to talk; or whether he had learnt something about Neystoke which was entirely confidential, I do not know. Anyway, Bennett became very guarded and uncommunicative, indeed secretive, when I mentioned the vicar's name—and that made me wonder and speculate the more.

Then came the dramatic day when it was made patent even to the bluntest and dullest clod in his congregation that there was something radically wrong with the vicar; and to Jacintha, to Bennett, and to me that the time had come for something to be done about it, something really definite.

It was an ordinary Sunday morning, and it was in a clear, strong voice that the vicar gave out the text on which he proposed to preach.

Possibly with the thought of world crises in his mind, he had taken for his text, that Sunday, the admonition, "Thou shalt not kill." He glanced, as usual, at Jacintha, looked straight at me, gazed round at the full church, cried almost like a prophet of old, "Thou shalt not kill..." and, after a brief, dramatic pause, groaned audibly, staggered back, collapsed, fell, and rolled down the pulpit steps into the aisle.

Jacintha and I reached him first, with Dr. Bennett a good second. I thought at first that he was dead, heart-failure or something of that sort; but a few minutes after we had carried him into the vestry he revived and, as soon as he realised what had happened and could speak, was most contritely apologetic for the trouble and disturbance he had caused.

It was about the most dramatic thing I had ever seen; and so strangely and uncontrollably does the mind work—my mind, at any rate—that I could not help connecting this with the occasion of his first faint. I knew it was idiotic and I instantly rejected it, but the thought had come to my mind that there was some connection with the text and the attack in the pulpit.

"Thou shalt not kill." Next morning while I was working in my studio—which was once a byre—the door opened and in walked Jacintha.

"Good morning, Denzil," she said. "I have come..."

"I thought it was the sun," I interrupted. "But it is you; and you have come to say you are going to sit for me as Mary Queen of Scots."

"I have come for advice and help, because you are my friend and a very wise guy..."

"You have been going to the films, Jacintha. I don't like the expression 'wise guy'."

"I was going to say wise guide and philosopher."

"I have to be wise and philosophical when you are round, Jacintha."

"It's about Richard," she said.

I had to give up pretending to be cheerful and facetious. She was obviously upset.

"Come over to the house," I said, "and we will get comfortable in the study. What about a pot of my best China tea? I prescribe it."

"Oh, don't stop your work. Couldn't you carry on while I talk?" "I don't want to 'carry on' with you, Jacintha. And there is no comfortable chair here for you. Worse still, there is none for me. Come along."

"Now then," said I, a few minutes later, as I gave her what my cook always describes as "a high-set copper tea," "you are worried about Richard..." He ought to go away, you know."

"Yes, that is what Dr. Bennett says; and he is going to get in touch with a nerve-man whom he says is a wizard. A Dr. Fieldwicke."

"Oh, yes, I know the name. About the best nerve-specialist, alienist and psychologist we have got."

So Bennett was going on those lines, was he? Quite right, too; and if anything could be done for the health of Richard Neystoke's body, or the healing of his mind, Fieldwicke was the man to do it.

"Oh, that's very reassuring," I said.

Poor Jacintha fell silent and sat for a minute, gazing at me, her really very lovely face marred by a look of worry and anxiety. Now, could she have kept that expression and pose while I painted her as... I had the grace to be ashamed.

"I will go up to London with him if Bennett can't," I said.

"Would you, Denzil? I should be so grateful. As a matter of fact, Richard does not want to go at all; and absolutely refuses to go with Dr. Bennett or with me. I believe he'd let you take him, for I equally firmly refuse to let him go alone."

"Well, Bennett can write to Fieldwicke and I will take him. I am perfectly certain Fieldwicke will soon put him right. Bennett says the vicar is absolutely sound and healthy, physically speaking. I mean there is nothing organically wrong. It's all purely functional, and simple to cure."

Jacintha was not listening to my unconvincing attempt at consolation.

"Denzil," she interrupted, "there is something I have not told Dr. Bennett... I don't know whether I ought to do so, although it is for Richard's own good. He hates me talking about him to the doctor. It is very distasteful to me to go against his wishes. But— you know—" she broke off.

HURRIEDLY, I

tried to reassure her, saying: "Yes, my dear, I do; and I think you ought to tell Dr. Bennett absolutely anything and everything that might help him, so that he can tell Fieldwicke. We laymen really have no idea of how important the least thing may be if it is at all symptomatic."

"Well, it is this," she said. "During the last few months he has developed an extraordinary habit; and it is growing more frequent. You know the vicarage well, of course."

"Lord, yes, Jacintha. Stayed there as a kid, long before you were born."

"Well, it is this," she continued, "you know that little bathroom that opens off his dressing-room?"

"Yes, tiny place. I remember his predecessor turning it into a bathroom. Made an item of interest to the village gossips for a year."

"Well, as you know then, there is absolutely nothing in that room but the bath and the heated towel-rail. Not even a wash-hand basin."

But he goes and locks himself in there a dozen times a day."

"Doesn't sound very alarming to me," I ventured cheerfully. "Not smoking on the sly? Or get a bottle of whisky there, has he? No, there isn't even a cupboard."

"It isn't a joke, Denzil. It isn't a bit funny. As I said, it is getting more frequent. Twenty times in the day he goes there and locks himself in... He will often do it just when he ought to be setting out for a meeting or a service or something... If I stop him, or call him back, he is obviously quite upset."

In one way this did not sound very serious, and yet, in another way, it did. At any rate, it looked as though it might be a symptom of something serious. I pondered for a moment and then gave what I felt to be the best advice.

"You must tell Bennett. I am perfectly certain it would convey something to Fieldwicke," I said. And then I suddenly remembered a little incident which occurred at a dinner-party I had given.

Neystoke, while Jackson was clearing the table for nuts and wine, had murmured an apology and asked if he might run upstairs to the bathroom for a moment. As there was to be a finger-bowl by his plate in a minute, and he knew there was a wash-hand basin in the cloakroom by the front-door, I thought it curious that he should go upstairs. He did, however, and I heard the bathroom taps running.

He was away from table nearly ten minutes, and although I had thought it queer at the time, I had forgotten all about it.

Please turn to page 18

LOOK FOR THE NAME



As generation succeeds generation the fame of Horrockses name is handed on. For products to achieve such popularity can mean only one thing, that the quality is of the highest, and that satisfaction is assured by asking for

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What's the Answer?

Test your knowledge on these questions:

- Three dots and a dash—the Victory V! The whole world knows that, and if you're a real Morse fan you'll also know that a dash and three dots, in Morse, means M—T—E—F—O— doesn't exist.
- Chinese Minister, Dr. Hsu, arrived in Australia a few weeks ago. Is he the first Chinese Minister to Australia?
 Yes—no.
- Tasty and soothing, a nice bedtime cup of cocoa. Cocoa, as you may know, comes from cacao, which is a sort of
 Vine—palm—tree—little green climbing plant like a sweet-pea.
- Gaze up into the sky and maybe you'll notice that Mercury is the planet nearest the sun—or maybe you won't! Second nearest is
 Mars—Jupiter—Saturn—Uranus—Venus—the Earth.
- Spiteful things, those New Guinea volcanoes. Now, because of persistent volcanic activity, the capital of New Guinea is being transferred to
 Rabaul—Lae—Madang—Salomaua.
- No need to look anxiously at the family pet when people talk of the manufacture of catgut. It is actually made from
 Coconut fibre—portion of the skin of sheep and goats—silkworm cocoons—wood pulp—intestines of the sheep or horse.
- When a pilot talks of "flak" he means
 Anti-aircraft gunfire—a plane's wind resistance—excess load—variation in altitude due to air pockets.
- "Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil." At least, that's according to
 Milton—Shakespeare—Emerson—Bacon—Ruskin.
- A thrilling game, chess—except for the spectators! According to the most widely accepted theories, it was invented by the
 Persians—Chinese—Babylonians—Greeks—Hindus.
- Finally, a salute to America's stars and stripes. As to the stars—they are
 Blue on a white ground—white on a red ground—white on a blue ground—red on a blue ground.

Answers on page 18



No More Piles

Pile sufferers can only get quick, safe and lasting relief by removing the cause—bad blood circulation in the lower bowel. Cutting and salves can't do this—an internal remedy must be used. Dr. Leonhardt's Vaculoid, a harmless tablet, succeeds because it relieves this blood congestion and strengthens the affected parts.

Vaculoid has a wonderful record for quick, safe and lasting relief to pile sufferers. It will do the same for you or money back. Chemists anywhere sell Vaculoid with this guarantee.

MOPSY—The Cheery Redhead

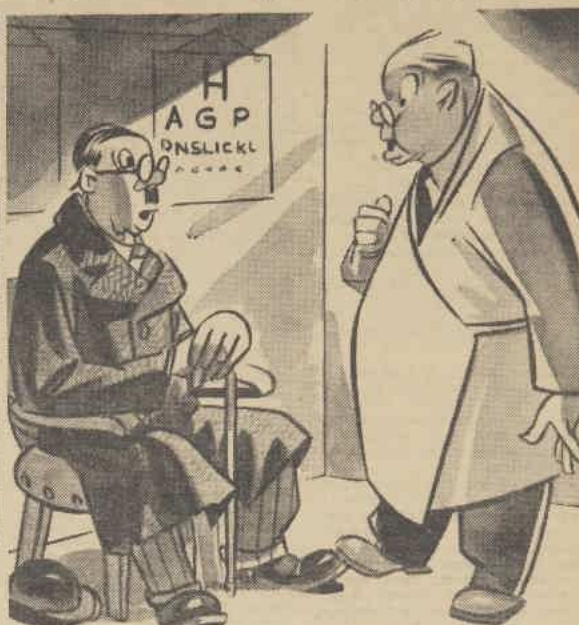


"Just a minute, fireman, till it catches the wardrobe! I want some new clothes."

A RATION OF FUN



MRS. SMITH: It's the same old story, women always pay.
GROCER: If you look through my books, Mrs. Smith, you'll find there are lots who don't.



PATIENT: I'm sure these glasses have improved my sight. You remember I kept seeing spots before my eyes?
OPTICIAN: Yes.
PATIENT: Well, I can see them much clearer now!



"Have you anything for grey hairs?"
"Nothing but the greatest respect, Madam."



"Is your husband hard to please?"
"I don't know. I've never tried."

A CHILD TO BE PROUD OF!



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JILL—THE
GAME'S JUST
STARTING!

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ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT'

The words Eno and "Fruit Salt" are registered trade marks.

Brainwaves

A prize of 2/6 is paid for each joke used.

"DARLING, will you give up going to the club and stay at home at nights when we're married?"
"Yes, of course, precious, if you wish it."
"Of course I wish it, darling. Who will look after the house when I'm out if you aren't in it?"
"I've called in answer to your advertisement for a handyman, sir."
"Well, what are your qualifications?"
"I live next door, sir."

FIRST DIGGER: My word, Blue, there are some lovely girls among the nurses on this transport, aren't there?
Second Digger: Yes, they're real Florence Nightingales.
"Who's she? Never heard of her."
"What, never heard of Florence Nightingale? Why, she's the girl who sings in Berkeley Square."

THE earth flew in all directions as the crimson-faced golfer attempted to strike the ball.
"Cripea," he blurted to his caddy, "the worms will think there's an earthquake this morning."
"I'm not so sure," said the caddy. "They're pretty crafty round here. I'll bet most of them are hiding under the ball."



When a Man's Young

The man who, in his youth, lays down plans for his financial security is the one who has an inward contentment as he piles up the years.

Frank Blaker Priestley is such a man. In 1890, when he was 19, he took out his first policy with the A.M.P. Society. It was for £1,000, payable to his heirs on his death. That called for an investment equal to 7/3 a week, a sum that, all through his life, he has never missed.

If Mr. Priestley were to die to-morrow, his widow would receive the Society's cheque for £2,688, made up of the original £1,000 plus £1,688 in accrued bonus. To date he has paid to the Society £934 spread over 51 years.

A grand investment as well as a comforter? Well, Mr. Priestley thinks so.

The moral: Mr. Priestley started young. Why shouldn't you do the same?

Ask that the Society's nearest office send an experienced man to give you details. If you prefer, ask that a copy of "Life Assurance as a Family Asset" be posted to you.

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NEXT Sunday the vicar was at church as usual, and preached the sermon. As he went up into the pulpit I was anxious and uncomfortable, wondering whether he would give out the same text; and whether he would have another attack or seizure if he did so.

However, though obviously nerve-ridden, ill, and suffering from strain, he preached his sermon manfully, but he did not preach on the Sixth Commandment.

He took for his text, "Suffer little children to come unto me." . . .

They came all right, half a million of them, that week, from London; and we got our full share.

The detachment that arrived at Little Pudding came from some of the worst slums in London, and were pitiful to see—although before they had been with us a week I do not know whom I pitied the most—their or their hosts.

Until he simply had to give up and go, the vicar was wonderful with them, and became their hero, for he could speak their language, and understood their needs, wants, and tastes. He was to their parents as a brother.

I knew he had been a slum-parson or something of the sort before he married Jacintha; but even so, I was surprised to hear him arguing, protesting or admonishing in slum idiom and accent barely comprehensible; or conducting a band of beer-buoyant costers and donahs from the "Red Lion" to the station—one with them and of them in everything but dress.

He was perfectly splendid, and my respect for him increased yet further.

One afternoon, shortly before it became obvious that I must take Richard Neystake up to town and deliver him to the great nerve-specialist, I strolled down to the church to give Jacintha a hand with something or other—Harvest

Festival if I remember rightly—and came upon three boys seated on a tomb with their heads together, and, by their appearance, plotting mischief.

"Hullo," said I, "who are you?"

They had not heard my approach across the grass and started up, obviously prepared to duck, dodge and run. Seeing that I was not a policeman and apparently harmless, they stood their ground, while the one who was evidently the leader replied:

"Me? I'm Iler."

"Oh, yes?" said I, "And the others?"

"That's Sloppy the Gob"—indicating a similar boy—"and that's Chimp Choppa," was the prompt reply—if I had got the remarkable names right.

The speaker interested me immediately. Had I been painting a picture of Fagin and his young gentlemen, this boy would have made an excellent Charlie Bates or Artful Dodger; for the face was old beyond its years, the mouth hard, firm, and compressed; the cheekbones high, and the general expression one of alert cunning.

Yet the eyes were attractive; well-set, well-opened, and genuinely blue—a much rarer phenomenon than is generally supposed. The lashes were long and the eyebrows arched and well-marked; though between them unfortunately was the deep frown-mark that generally indicates suffering or bad temper.

Yes, the face interested me, at sight. And, particularly about the eyes, it reminded me of another face; though whose I could not remember.

Sloppy the Gob, however, did not look interesting.

Chimp Choppa would have been more attractive had he not squinted ferociously, with an amazing obliquity; had ears less like those of a bat; a bridge to his nose; a chin; and a mouth that remained closed.

I produced three pennies, bade them invest them well, and not squander them in riotous living; and forgot all about them as I entered the church and saw Jacintha.

But I was reminded of Iler that very night, for he came into a strange, confused dream in which I saw not only him but someone whom I had forgotten and had not seen for—oh, fifteen years or so.

In the midst of the dream a girl appeared and smiled at me, and the face, warm, bright, and instinct with intelligence and emotion, was that of my long-lost and long longed-for Joan of Arc. It was the face that I had last seen fifteen years ago; that of the girl who had stood in the prisoners' dock at the Old Bailey on trial for her life on the charge of murder.

I knew her instantly, for I had sketched her face in court a thousand times. From those sketches and from memory I had painted her as the central figure of my picture, "The Trial of Joan of Arc."

Then I knew of whom the lad Iler reminded me; or, rather, of whose eyes his had reminded me. They were exactly like the anxious eyes of my Joan of Arc; and I speak as a portrait-painting physiognomist.

Had Iler been the woman's son they could not have been more like hers.

I woke with a start to find myself back in that somewhat momentous time, fifteen years ago . . .

Had it not come on to rain as I walked down the somewhat squalid London street that day, it is quite

Two Feet from Heaven

Continued from page 16

possible that I should not have painted my really extremely popular picture, "The Trial of Joan of Arc."

I had gone up to town to see the charming old zecourel who keeps a junk-shop in that street, and who drops me a postcard whenever he thinks he has got something that I ought to see.

It was through discussing with him the probable value and reasonable price of a really fine print that I was caught without an umbrella or an overcoat in the rain, and brought briefly into the life and orbit of my Joan of Arc.

For as the rain fell suddenly and heavily, I glanced up and saw a black board on which were painted the words, Coroner's Court.

Well, a Coroner's Court would provide as good shelter as a King's; and my sadly limited knowledge of civic lore would be enlarged if I attended for a brief space. Hastily, I turned into a short passage, hurried down it, entered a doorway and found myself in a big room that seemed part dissenting-chapel and part school-room.

On a dais in front of the high leaded windows the schoolmaster or preacher or coroner sat behind a great desk. On his right, in a couple of long pews, sat the choir or the jury. On his left was what might have been the lecturer, and was the witness-box.

Before and below him was the nave in which sat, not precisely the worshippers, but a reasonably reverent congregation.

BEFORE

below the coroner also sat some sort of court functionary, clerk, beadle, or tipstaff, whose face I immediately coveted for my portrait-gallery—the rogues-gallery department. He was the perfect Judge Jeffreys and a most evil-looking brute.

That was well worth coming in for, thought I, as I studied the inflated, insolent, and brutal face of this coroner's officer, this last of the Bow Street Runners, or whatever he was.

The coroner did not interest me at all. Just an ordinary, middle-aged, donnish person; fussy, querulous, self-important, and very efficient.

I soon decided that I would arise, go forth and see if there were still raining, and whether there was a chance of getting a taxi.

I was about to rise from my hard and narrow seat when Judge Jeffreys arose and shouted:

"Enrith!"

I had not been paying much attention to the doubtless interesting proceedings, but I suddenly became as alertly attentive as ever I had been in my life; for, on that strange cry of "Enrith," there stepped into the witness-box from a bench on which she must have been sitting, unnoticed by me, the owner of the face for which I had been looking for months, for years . . . My Joan of Arc!

"Is your name Emma Heath?" asked the coroner.

"Yes, sir."

The woman of the name of Emma Heath took a greasy Bible from the loathsome Jeffreys and gabbled the oath that would turn any misstatement into criminal perjury.

She was young. She was lovely. Not as loveliness is known to the admirer of the chocolate-box beauty. She was lovely because her features were perfect.

Her face was carved in ivory; and its expression was at once gentle and strong; exalted and tragic. The truly beautiful eyes were sad; the mouth both sweet and firm; the brow noble; the cheek-bones well marked but not too high.

She was Joan of Arc—as I saw her in my rare moments of inspiration, vision and understanding.

She was Joan of Arc at the time of her trial. Joan, after suffering hardship; disappointment; the cruelty of brutal men; failure; treachery; and dreadful, tragic loss. Oh, to have her, with the right dress and background, posed as I would have her, for the trial at Rouen, before those brutal judges who condemned her to the stake.

Yes, I must get her as my model, at all costs. Doubtless she would sit to me if I paid her more than she could otherwise earn; and once she understood there was nothing in the least undesirable or improper about my proposal.

Anyway, there was my Joan of Arc, and, having found her, I was not going to lose her. With her as my model and inspiration, I would paint a great and glorious picture.

Having studied her face with the utmost intentness, I began to sketch it, and then to rough in the kind of dress that would be worthy of the face, and appropriate to the scene and setting.

How was Joan dressed at the trial? Presumably still as a man. Doublet and hose. Half-armor? Probably not. A helmet? No, bare-headed. But I should not sacrifice color, beauty, drama, anything at all, on the narrow altar of absolute historical accuracy. Nothing absolutely inaccurate, of course; but my Joan of Arc should . . .

Hullo! What was that! . . . She had killed a man? . . .

Utterly absurd and impossible; and, if she had, it served him damned well right. It was the most absolute nonsense! But why was she admitting it; confessing it with complete frankness?

Even the jury forgot the coppers it might be losing by neglect of its shops; woke up; came to life; and positively took an interest in what was going on.

I most sincerely wished that I too had been paying attention to what was going on here, instead of letting my mind dwell on that other trial, five centuries ago, while I sketched the woman who, to me, was Joan of Arc herself. So far as I had been aware of what had been happening, I had imagined that this girl was giving evidence as a witness in the case of some deceased cooter-monger.

What was it that the coroner had just said?

"But you struck him on the back of the head. How do you explain that, if it was done in self-defence?"

"Well, sir, he must have turned his back for a moment," replied the girl reasonably and helpfully.

"He certainly must. You attacked him while his back was turned to you, and yet you say that you struck him in self-defence?"

"That's right, sir."

"Now, according to the medical evidence, the bones of the deceased's skull were fractured by a heavy blow, dealt with some blunt instrument. Unfortunately—both for the deceased and whosoever struck that blow—the bones of that skull were unusually thin. But that is not all. It was not the only blow. In fact, there were several blows—many—dealt on the man's back and shoulders."

The coroner took his eyes from the white face of the girl and consulted the papers on his desk.

"In the police surgeon's own words, 'Repeated heavy blows were rained upon deceased, as shown by bruises upon his neck, shoulders and back.' All struck from behind, you notice," he said, glancing at the jury. "One very heavy, fatal blow on the back of the head, and a number of sharp blows on the upper part of the body."

And then, turning to the girl again, he eyed her long and thoughtfully.

"Do you say you struck all those blows—at a person whose back was obviously turned to you—in self-defence?"

"That's right, sir," replied the girl.

Apparently there had been no witnesses, and the only evidence had been that of the girl herself. Surely she should be properly represented,

The answer is—

- 1-B.
- 2-Yes.
- 3-Tree.
- 4-Venus.
- 5-Lac.
- 6-Intestines of the sheep or horse.
- 7-Anti-aircraft gunfire.
- 8-Milton. (In the poem "Lycidas.")
- 9-Hindus.
- 10-White on a blue ground.

Questions on page 16

especially as she seemed to be cheerfully and foolishly making the worst of her case.

And then I was comforted to remember and realise that this was not a trial but an inquiry, the object of which was to discover how the deceased had come by his death.

True; but the police were handling the case and, in the event of the jury returning a verdict of murder against "some person or persons unknown," it would be the immediate duty of the police to discover the murderer; and it was painfully clear that they would not have far to look.

It seemed that the corpse on which the inquest was being held was that of a man that had been found in the room rented and inhabited by Emma Heath; and that she confessed, indeed claimed, to have killed the man—but in self-defence. That much I had gathered almost subconsciously while I studied and sketched her face . . .

There was a deadly silence in the Coroner's Court. Literally deadly. And as the coroner, still eyeing, indeed studying, the girl, said again:

"You say you killed the deceased yourself, alone, without assistance. You say you killed him in self-defence . . . And the man was killed from behind."

"That's right, sir," replied the girl once again.

And as I watched with the utmost intentness, studying every shadow of expression, however slight, on her calm and almost smiling countenance, I wondered greatly; and I was thankful for the curious chance or kindly fate that had directed my hesitating footsteps into that dingy court. For, surely, scarcely anywhere else in the world could I have found a face so apt and perfect for my requirements; so calm; so strong; so uplifted; so inspired; as Joan must herself have been.

It was the face of Joan successful, fulfilled, ecstatic and triumphant. Consenting to death. It was the face of Joan of Arc at her trial saying to her God, "I thank Thee"; saying to herself, "I have done that which I had to do"; and saying to her judges, "Little men, now do your worst."

Almost without closing my eyes I could see this girl clad as Joan may have been. Manacled, perhaps. Facing not a coroner and twelve petty tradesmen, but a be-furred, ermined and cowed Bench of lay and ecclesiastical judges; and gazing calmly, not upon a dingy, sordid coroner's court-room, but upon a stone-flagged, groined and pillared vault or hall of Rouen Castle.

She must sit for me. I would immortalise her, and, incidentally, myself.

She was Joan of Arc reincarnated . . .

The intelligent jury empanelled by Mr. Harrington, the coroner, returned a verdict of wilful murder against Emma Heath and she was arrested and committed for trial at the Old Bailey.

To be continued

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HP 40-4

The Movie World

September 27, 1941

The Australian Women's Weekly

19

FRED
and

RITA
now

By
**Barbara Bouchier in
Hollywood**

EVER since Ginger Rogers left him, Fred Astaire has been looking for another girl to dance with. And now it looks as if he has found her—in Rita Hayworth.

Columbia selected Rita for Fred Astaire's comedy-musical, "You'll Never Get Rich." With this picture still in the cutting-room, Columbia has announced the teaming of Fred and Rita in a second film, "But, Beautiful!"

Now wait a moment before you break into cries of astonishment. Rita Hayworth's name is not really Hayworth—it is Cansino. She was born into a famous Spanish-American dancing family. She herself began to dance when she was a tiny child, and she came to the screen as a dancer in Fox's 1935 edition of "Dante's Inferno."

Rita's father, Jose Cansino, has never approved of her playing dramatic parts. He felt, and said so, that his daughter's talents were being sadly misused. Only when Columbia signed Rita as Astaire's partner did Jose Cansino stop frowning.



"At last Rita will show she is an artist!" he exclaimed proudly to me. "No more of this dramatic stuff. Rita is a dancer!"

Scarcely less happy than Jose is Fred Astaire himself, who has had a difficult time finding the right girl—with the right steps.

Fred's first picture alone was "A Damsel in Distress." A then shy and gawky Joan Fontaine played the feminine lead. Joan made an attempt to dance with Fred, although the skilful long shots of the pair tripping had to be done by a substitute girl. Fred's opinion of this film's reception by the critics was summed up in a telegram he sent to Ginger Rogers. It read: "Ouch!"

It was then thought by a second studio that Eleanor Powell might solve the problem. She and Fred danced beautifully through "Broadway Melody of 1940." Eleanor has all the technical skill in the world. But she has no glamor.

Came another studio inspiration in Paulette Goddard. This vivid beauty and Fred had a grand time making "Second Chorus." Paulette has all the glamor in the world. But she can't dance in the Astaire meaning of the term.

Now, no one denies that Rita Hayworth has glamor, and no one denies that Rita Hayworth can dance. So Columbia went ahead and signed her, and poured into "You'll Never Get Rich" the most spectacular amount of entertainment material. For one thing, there are seven—count 'em—seven original tunes by Cole Porter.

It really looks as if "Fred and Rita" will soon be as sparkling a phrase to moviegoers as was "Ginger and Fred."

● Rita Hayworth. For Rita was born Rita Cansino, is member of a famous Spanish-American dancing family, and danced her way into applause before she heard of Hollywood.



● Ginger Rogers and Fred danced in eight films, each of them more famous than the last.

● Eleanor Powell had the skill to partner Fred, but the verdict on her was — no glamor.



● Paulette Goddard had the glamor, as this picture shows, but her dancing—sub-standard.

● Rita Hayworth, Fred's new partner for Columbia, has glamor—and can dance as well.



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THE KORDAS make a film

THRIFTY MERLE OBERON SEES THAT
PRODUCER-HUSBAND KEEPS COSTS DOWN

By JOAN McLEOD in Hollywood

YOU might expect a star making a film for her husband to "take things easy."

But Merle Oberon, currently playing in "Lydia" for her producer-husband, Alexander Korda, believes that she has all the more reason to work hard.

When Korda, sentimental man, urged her to take a day off to celebrate their second wedding anniversary, Merle gave a firm refusal.

In gently reproving tones, she reminded him that the time off would mean a too costly hold-up.

So between takes she handed Korda a watch and cigar box, then slipped off the set for just a few minutes to admire the shining new motor car, parked outside the studio gates—gift from her husband.

Merle, who was "discovered" by Korda, and made her first films for him in England—"Wedding Rehearsal" and "The Private Lives of Henry VIII"—married him in Cap Antibes on the Riviera.

She says she is "thrilled" to be making a film for Korda again.

Last films in which she appeared

for him were "Over the Moon," "The Divorce of Lady X," and the British propaganda feature, "The Lion Has Wings."

Both have been looking round ever since for a suitable story for Merle. "Lydia," their final choice, is period drama set in the 1900's. Both feel it will be a much-needed change from the light modern comedies Merle has been making lately.

Merle is keeping to her plan to remain in Hollywood for the duration. Korda has insisted on it. He himself has been spending most of his time in London, and the separation has been hard for them.

But the star is doing her bit for England in a really big way.

She flew recently to Canada to take part in a British radio programme there. This, however, had embarrassing results.

When Merle arrived back at the New York airport the next day, it was discovered that she had not taken out a re-entry permit, required of all resident aliens in the United States. She had to face the immigration authorities at Ellis Island to answer a technical charge of having entered the States illegally.



• Merle in one of her quaintly charming costumes as Lydia, belle of the 1900's. Leading men to Merle are virtually unknown Joseph Cotton, who made his debut in "Citizen Kane," and George Reeves, who last appeared on the screen as one of the Tarleton twins in "Gone with the Wind."

Those deadly Hollywood parties

By BARBARA BOURCHIER
in HOLLYWOOD

HOLLYWOOD parties are the dullest in the world. I ought to know. I went to three boring banquets last week.

The first two parties were of the buffet variety. Nobody ate anything, but all toyed with bits of food and acted as though they thought they were going to be poisoned—which they probably would have been if they had eaten the food.

The third celebration took place in a night-club. True, the setting was dazzling; chromium fittings glittered, waiters moved noiselessly between the packed tables, and even Errol Flynn was there to enliven the proceedings.

In spite of this it was still dull. The orchestra played a few bars and people got up to dance. As soon as they started swinging around the floor the orchestra stopped—but the people went on dancing.

After the dance was over the people came back to their little tables chattering vivaciously. They sat looking at their caviare, but they did not dare eat it, for it was really buckshot. They played with their glasses of whisky, but they did not

swallow it, for it was only cold tea.

The party had been going on for three days and it was nine o'clock in the morning. But the guests chattered on and exclaimed with delight over the soda water in champagne bottles, neatly packed in buckets of cellophane ice.

Though they looked jaded at this early hour of the morning, the guests did not complain. Why should they? They were paid to come to this party, and they were glad to earn the money. By now you will have guessed that this night-club scene took place on a sound-stage and that it was all in the day's work for a group of extras. It was, in fact, a scene for "Dive-Bomber," the Errol Flynn-Fred MacMurray film.

"Talk up there, kids. Get some more animation in your faces." An assistant-director in shirt sleeves moved among the well-dressed guests, dropping a word here and there. Obviously the buzz from the tables rose louder and louder.

"Okay," approved shirt-sleeves.

"More champagne for the middle table. And this time it's a take." A waiter appeared with the imitation wine, and a pretty blonde girl pretended to be sipping gaily. The orchestra struck up once more, the couples got up to dance, and continued after the first few bars died away. This, I must explain, is so that the sound may be dubbed in afterwards. The orchestra merely gives the extras the right beat; after that they are on their own. Their felt boots successfully deadened the sound of their sliding feet.

I felt a yawn coming on, and decided that this particular party had gone on long enough for me. When it appears on the screen with all the verve and sparkle which the eye of the camera picks up, it will be the sort of party all of us would long to attend. Soft lights and music, appetising-looking food, the sound of popping champagne corks (dubbed in afterwards) and the intriguing buzz of conversation. All these things will flicker before our eyes.

But take it from me—and the people who make a living by attending these festivities—Hollywood parties are as merry as a museum full of mummies.



• Merle Oberon with Edna May Oliver, who plays her grandmother in "Lydia," which Alexander Korda is producing.

PLAYTIME IN SUN VALLEY...



1 **ENGAGING** singer Vivian (Lynn Bari) for his band's season at Sun Valley winter sports resort, Ted Scott (John Payne) is attracted to her on sight.



2 **STUNT** of press agent Nifty (Milton Berle) in having Ted adopt child evacuee backfires, for evacuee is adult Karen (Sonja Henie).



3 **PLANTED** in boarding-house by Ted, Karen escapes to Sun Valley train, helped by sympathetic tourist (Joan Davis, centre) and Nifty.



4 **BEAMING KAREN** tells embarrassed Ted and his enraged beauty Vivian that to marry a nice boy has always been her ambition—and she has decided Ted is the man for her.



5 **PASSIONATELY** fond of ski-ing, in which Vivian is not the least interested, Ted discovers Karen on one of his solitary expeditions, and, in spite of his horror at her matrimonial pursuit, finds her a grand companion in spare time ski-ing excursions.

This may be Sonja's farewell film

FOX'S "Sun Valley" is the first film that Sonja Henie has made in 18 months.

Early last year Sonja went on a trip to Honolulu. Millionaire sportsman Daniel Reid Topping was also on the boat. They became engaged—and were married in July.

Sonja's meeting with her future husband coincided with a dispute with her studio, 20th Century-Fox. But producer Darryl Zanuck and the new Mrs. Topping came to an amicable arrangement. He would give her three months' leave and she would return to Hollywood in August.

Actually, it was not until this year that Sonja kept her promise. Her honeymoon over, she reorganised her famous ice troupe and did a nation-wide and extraordinarily profitable tour.

Many of Sonja's ice troupe came with her to Hollywood to appear in "Sun Valley"—which was largely filmed in this famous winter sports playground of America.

And will Sonja make another picture? Mrs. Dan Topping, a much slimmer, more vivacious and debonaire figure than the Sonja of Hollywood, 1940, shrugs her shoulders. She has plans to open 25 ice-rinks throughout the country. She has a lovely Long Island mansion, built for her by her husband, awaiting her return. She has, being Sonja, staunch, old-fashioned views on large families. So "Sun Valley" may be her farewell to her fans.



6 **TO KEEP TED**, Vivian announces their engagement, but he still will go on trips with Karen which make him late for the band rehearsals and infuriate Vivian.



7 **HOPING** to make Vivian break off the engagement, the persevering Karen so arranges things that she and Ted are stranded for the night in a mountain ski-cabin.



Beauty

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★★ THE DEVIL AND MISS JONES

(Week's Best Release)
Jean Arthur, Robert Cummings,
(RKO.)

HERE is a light and frothy tale of the regeneration of a crusty old millionaire through association with his own employees.

Angry when employees in his big city store stage a public protest against bad working conditions, Charles Coburn takes a job incognito in the shoe department, to find out who are the ringleaders of the agitation.

Kind-hearted, unsuspecting salesgirl Jean Arthur, taking pity on his helplessness, befriends him, protects him from the department's snooping manager, helps him through his work.

Eventually the enlightened Coburn himself becomes a rebel against the unjust treatment meted out to employees by the store's executives.

Robert Cummings overacts as the union organiser, in love with Jean. His is the only performance that can be faulted. Coburn and Jean Arthur are fine, while S. K. Sakall, Spring Byington, and Edmund Gwenn give excellent support.—Mayfair; showing.

★★ TIGHT SHOES

Broderick Crawford, Binnie Barnes, (Universal.)

IN this gangster farce Universal has captured well the racy, distinctive style of its story's author, Damon Runyon.

His sly satire, entertaining characters, and odd underworld dialogue are all here.

Film's chief figure is racketeer Speedy (Broderick Crawford) whose whole life and that of salesman John Howard are changed through the purchase of Speedy's pair of tight shoes.

The amusing consequences of Speedy's stubbornness are shared by Leo Carrillo as a shopkeeper, Binnie Barnes as Speedy's "little sweet pea," and Ann Gwynne as Howard's best girl—Cameo and Capitol; showing.

PRIVATE VIEWS

By The Australian Women's Weekly Film Reviewer

★★ THE GREAT AMERICAN BROADCAST

Alice Faye, John Payne, (Twentieth Century-Fox.)

A COMPANION piece to "Alexander's Ragtime Band" and "Tin Pan Alley," this diverting musical romance dramatises the progress of American radio entertainment in the twenties.

The sketchy fiction plot traces the fortunes of two penniless radio enthusiasts (Jack Oakie and John Payne), Oakie's girl-friend (Alice Faye), and a wealthy playboy (Cesar Romero) who provides the money for Oakie and Payne to set up the first radio broadcasting station.

You'll enjoy Oakie's breezy portrayal and zesty comedy. Alice Faye, as the girl who becomes radio's first singing star, puts over her songs in customary expert fashion. Payne and Romero are well cast. There are some tingling new tunes, as well as lively specialty numbers from the Nicholas Brothers, acrobatic dancers, and the harmonising "Four Ink Spots."—Regent; showing.

★ FLAME OF NEW ORLEANS

Marlene Dietrich, Bruce Cabot, (Universal.)

MARLENE DIETRICH once again plays the beautiful woman of many affairs—this time in romantic New Orleans of one hundred years ago.

It's a trifle tale, and not even eye-rolling Dietrich or the smart act-

ing of Roland Young can lift it above the average class. As the first American film of the eminent French director, Rene Clair, it is singularly disappointing.

Dietrich arrives in New Orleans from Europe in search of a wealthy husband. She fixes on Roland Young, an easy victim—but her heart betrays her. For she falls in love with sea captain Bruce Cabot, "tough, but poor."

Except for occasional lapses into coyness, Dietrich does well in a familiar role. A moustached Bruce Cabot is most dashing—State; showing.



ROMANTIC CUBAN, Desi Arnaz, deglamorised for his latest film, RKO's "Father Takes a Wife."

Here's hot news from all studios!

From JOHN B. DAVIES in New York and BARBARA BOURCHIER in Hollywood

THE separation of Ann Sothern and her actor husband Roger Pryor, announced last week, has come as a surprise to Hollywood. Married just on ten years, they have been considered a genuinely happy married couple.

According to Ann, the separation was "necessitated by our widely divergent activities."

Pryor was a well-known band-leader before coming to Hollywood a few years ago. Ann has not been well for the past six months.

ERROL FLYNN collapsed last week in a lift in a building in Los Angeles, and was sent to hospital, suffering from nervous exhaustion.

Two years ago Flynn was seriously ill with inflammation of the respiratory organs, complicated by a recurrence of malaria which he contracted in New Guinea five years before.

He and his wife, Lili Damita, have been separated for some weeks now. Lili has their baby, Errol Sean, just four months old. She says she will sue Errol for divorce.

ROBERT BENCHLEY claims he is losing weight rushing from stage to stage at Columbia, where he is doing two pictures.

ANN SHERIDAN has been cast as the actress in "The Man Who Came to Dinner," a part for which she will need all the oomph she has. Another important assignment to this high-powered comedy is Jimmy Durante in the hilarious role of "Banjo."

LOUIS HAYWARD and his wife, Ida Lupino, have fashioned the den of their new home after an old English inn. The furniture, including a bar and tall stools, is in dark natural wood, and there's an English dart game to the right of the bar. It was Ida's own idea to have the draperies and stool covers in red-and-white checked gingham.

WORKING as an extra in Paulette Goddard's picture, "Reap the Wild Wind," was Mildred Harris, Charlie Chaplin's first wife. Paulette is Chaplin's third.

ZASU PITTS and Slim Summerville had not met for seven years. Now united in screen wedlock in "Niagara Falls," they revealed that the last time they had played together—seven years ago—was in a film titled "They Just Had to Get Married."

CHARLES LAUGHTON amused a group of Hollywood columnists with extracts of a letter he had received from his mother in England. Hearing her famous son was appearing with Deanna Durbin in "Almost an Angel," Mrs. Laughton had something to say on the subject.

Deanna is her favorite actress, and Charles Laughton usually plays unpleasant characters on the screen, therefore it was quite logical for Mrs. Laughton to start her letter: "Dear Charlie, I do hope you are not going to be horrid to that nice girl."

LESS frequently seen are the Jean Gabin-Marlene Dietrich twosome. Gabin has taken up again with his old flame, Michele Morgan, at the French cinema.

IN the new nursery Joan Crawford has built for her adopted children, Christina and Christopher, there is just one framed photograph. No, it is not of Joan, but Shirley Temple.

FRANCES GIFFORD has filed suit for divorce from James Dunn, one-time popular screen hero, now playing "bit" roles.

BRENDA MARSHALL is packing hurriedly and bidding good-bye to husband Bill Holden, as she has just been ordered to Canada to report for the feminine lead in "Captains of the Clouds."

GEORGE HAIGHT offers a new "V for Victory" idea, using the three dots and a dash. He proposes that a picture be produced by Dot Parker, Dot Arzner, Dot Thompson and Dash Hammett.

CECIL DE MILLE turns actor for a part in "Glamor Boy," and Richard Dix plays himself in this picture, which has a Hollywood background and deals with the life of a Hollywood child star. Jackie Cooper has the title role.

Our Film Gradings

★★★ Excellent
★★ Above average
★ Average
No stars — below average.

BULLETS FOR O'HARA

Roger Pryor, (Warners.)
CRIME melodrama reaches a new low with this film.

It's a dull, preposterous yarn about a society girl who marries a gangster without realising his sinister occupation, and of a detective who goes to extraordinary lengths to trap his victim.

Joan Perry has a refreshing personality. Roger Pryor as the detective and Anthony Quinn as the crook do the best they can with poor roles.—Haymarket-Clivic; showing.

Shows Still Running

★★★ Fantasia, Walt Disney feature. Brilliant, controversial, new entertainment.—Embassy; 6th week.

★★★ The Lady Eve, Barbara Stanwyck, Henry Fonda in glittering romantic farce.—Prince Edward; 6th week.

★★★ Freedom Radio, Diana Wynyard, Olive Brook in stirring drama.—Lyceum; 6th week.

★★★ Citizen Kane, Orson Welles. Revolutionary artistic achievement.—Plaza; 4th week.

★★★ Major Barbara, Wendy Hiller, Rex Harrison in superbly-acted Shaw satire.—Century; 3rd week.

★★ The Ziegfeld Girl, Judy Garland, Redy Lamar, Lana Turner in attractive musical.—Liberty 7th week.

★★ Little Nellie Kelly, Judy Garland, George Murphy. Charming musical romance.—St. James; 2nd week.

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Mr. L. P. Townsville, Queensland, recently wrote: "My joints were all stiff, I had leg pains, my back used to ache day and night. My bladder was weak. I had headaches and no appetite. The first dose of Cystex helped me and before I finished three boxes my health and strength came back."

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Road's End

Continued from page 8

"WELL, set the dog down right where we found her and perhaps she'll start walking. Once she feels safe—and she will feel safe when she's on a leash—she'll probably walk straight toward the house where she lives."

"It's not such a bad idea," said Joe. "And anyway, we've nothing to lose. We've all the time in the world."

Back they went to the place where the little dog had darted in front of their car. Molly fastened her belt to its collar and climbed out. Joe followed her and locked the car and watched as she set the little dog firmly on the pavement.

The dog seemed to understand. She wagged her stubby stump of a tail and started off jauntily. Her short legs moved fast. She came to a corner and turned. Molly pattered after her—Joe, taking long strides, walked beside Molly.

"I believe that was an idea," he said. "The dog does seem to know what it's all about."

The puppy paused, but it was merely to peer at a kitten that was sitting under a hedge. Then she started on again; her way led up-hill past small houses—stucco and brick mostly.

"Once," said Joe, "I thought we'd have a house. Build one, maybe."

"Once," said Molly, "I thought a lot of things."

The little dog was going faster

now. Molly's pace had become almost a lope—Joe's strides were lengthening. Two blocks, three blocks, four blocks, and all uphill.

They reached the top of the hill; there was one road to the right and one road to the left. It was so dark that Molly could scarcely read the signs that told the street names. The little dog couldn't either. She sat down abruptly on the sidewalk and whined.

"Well," said Joe, "that's that."

Molly said, "She's confused. In a minute she'll turn one way or the other." She bent over the puppy. "Do you want to go right or left?" she asked. "Make up your mind, buttonface."

The puppy's mind was evidently a minus quantity. She sat on the pavement, peering in one direction and then the other.

"Well," said Joe, "I guess we might as well go back to the car. Oh, here comes a kid out of that house on the corner. Maybe she knows the puppy."

"Maybe it belongs to her," said Molly. She raised her voice. "Oh, little girl, do you know this dog?"

The little girl came close. She bent over and patted the dog, and the dog licked her hand. "No," she said firmly. "I never saw it. But some people have just moved in two blocks from here—it's a new white house—and the butcher said they had a dog."

The two blocks were fortunately on the level. The little dog trotted along with enthusiasm. She was obviously glad that somebody had chosen a direction. At last they came to the new white house.

"Joe," said Molly, "it's your turn to ask. You go into the house."

"Anything to oblige," said Joe, and walked up a pleasant flagged walk. "What if they're having supper?" he called, as he rang the bell.

"You can stay if they ask you," Molly called back. Her tone was gayer than it had been for a long while. She and the little dog waited and watched, but when the door opened—and a man opened it—he had a dog with him. It was a police dog, and Molly heard Joe say:

"I thought perhaps the little puppy out there belonged to you, but it looks as if I was wrong. We found her wandering."

The man was in his shirt sleeves. He peered out at the white puppy.

"We just moved here," he said; "the dog's strange to me." And then he shut the door and Joe was coming back.

Molly sighed, and her sigh was a trifle weary. "This is the longest walk I've had in a coon's age," she said.

"And I don't think we're any closer to the puppy's home than we ever were," said Joe. He stopped short as the puppy jerked suddenly on her improvised leash. "Quick!" he said. "She's just thought of something. She wants to go!"

The puppy did want to go. She ran fast for a block and then stopped to sniff at a tree. Molly ran, too—as did Joe. After sniffing, the puppy walked sedately for two more blocks.

They were still passing modest cottages, and each one was cosily lighted. The lights threw patterns

on the carefully-tended grass. Molly thought of the poem that she had read somewhere, a poem that began: "Near lights and far lights, and every light a home—"

She started to quote it and changed her mind, but she was repeating it mentally as they came to a church that stood behind a hedge. The church was dark, and a minister, in a white clerical collar, was locking the door.

"Ministers," Joe whispered to Molly, "know everything." He lifted his voice and called: "Hi!"

The minister looked up; he was young and slender, standing against the oaken door of his church. "Did you want me?" he asked.

Molly and Joe were closer now, and Molly spoke. "We found a little dog—sixteen or so blocks from here," she said. "This is the dog. We put her on a leash and she seemed to want to come in this direction."

"Yes?" questioned the minister. Joe took up the explanation. "We thought," he said, "you being a minister, that you probably knew everybody and everything in the neighborhood. Do you ever remember having seen this pup before, sir? She was lost when we picked her up. She practically ran under our car."

The minister stooped to pat the puppy's head.

"No," he said, "the dog doesn't belong in my parish. I'm sorry."

"I'm sorry, too," said Joe, and Molly added, "There's nothing more pitiful than a lost dog."

"Nothing," said the minister, "is ever lost—not really. I detect the word lost!" His voice was vehement. "We often mislay our hopes and our dreams and our sense of direction, but—usually—they can be found again. Dogs—and people, too," he sighed. "You say you rescued the puppy sixteen blocks back? That's a long walk."

"It is," agreed Joe.

THE minister cleared his throat. "I can take the puppy into my house," he said. "I like small things, and so does my wife. I live right next door—that's my parsonage. Maybe in the morning an owner will turn up."

"I haven't much hope of that," said Molly.

"Anyway," said Joe, "we gave our name and telephone number at the police station, and if we left her with you it might be confusing. Thanks just the same."

They went on their way. More small houses cast their warning glow through the darkness. The little puppy wasn't running so fast, now. She seemed spent and lonely. Now and again she looked back across her shoulder to see if Molly and Joe were still there. Molly felt spent and lonely, too. Her lower lip was quivering. She bit it to steady it, and Joe said suddenly: "You want to cry, don't you?"

"Yes," Molly told him.

"Well," said Joe, "so do I. It's been a filthy day."

Molly said: "Worse than that." Joe said: "It wasn't only to-day, either. It's been going on for weeks and weeks. Did you mean what you said just before the puppy barged in? That bit about quitting before we hated each other?"

"Yes, I meant it," said Molly.

"After all," Joe asked, "hating's pretty definite, isn't it? How can people that feel close to each other, that want to cry at the same time, that do fool things like trailing dogs all over strange towns—how can such people hate each other?"

"For heaven's sake," answered Molly, "don't talk like that!"

"Maybe," said Joe, "if we didn't have to live in our kind of flat and have a new car every year, and fool hats that cost twenty dollars apiece—maybe if we lived in one of these houses on one of these streets—"

"Don't!" breathed Molly. They walked along four more blocks. Molly was limping a little—one of the lifts had come off a slim French heel—and then all at once they came to a little park. Joe said: "I didn't know they had things like this out here in the suburbs. Let's sit down a minute."

"Yes, let's," said Molly. "We'll have the place to ourselves; there's only one bench occupied."

"And the guy that's sitting on it looks as if he's asleep or under the influence," said Joe.

The single occupant of the park did look as if he were asleep, or something. He was sitting under one of the lights; it shone across his

hair, turning the sparse white to silver. His elbows rested on his knees and his face rested on his hands, and his hat lay beside him and a pathetic little bundle rested on the grass by his feet.

"Maybe the man's sick," said Molly. "He's old and—Oh, merciful heavens, the puppy's gone!" For the little dog, with a strange human sound that was almost pure agony and paradoxically almost pure delight, had jerked the improvised leash from Molly's hand and was running across the space of park.

With little frantic yips she precipitated herself upon the man who sat with his head bowed in his hands. And as Molly started in pursuit the man looked up and then—all in one motion—his hands went out to the dog.

"Baby!" sobbed the man. "Baby! Where've you been? How'd you get back? Baby! I've been looking all afternoon."

"And they tell us the day of miracles is over," said Joe.

The man's sobs were diminishing. The dog had snuggled up against his face. Molly walked softly across the grass and paused at the man's side. Joe stood watching them rather wistfully.

"I don't have to ask," Molly said, "if that puppy belongs to you."

The man looked up through tear-blinded eyes; he didn't rise. His arms were too full of dog and his heart was too full of emotion.

"Yes, lady, she's mine," he said.

"We found her a long, long way from here," Molly explained gently. "We almost—killed her."

Joe had joined them.

"How'd you happen to lose her?" asked he. "I should think when you're so crazy about each other that—"

The old man explained. It was a little hard for him to talk, because the dog was licking his chin. "Me and Baby," he said, "we're city folks."

"So are we," nodded Molly.

The old man was stroking the puppy's head. "It was a sunny day," he said, "and Baby and me—no, Baby, down!—well, we thought it would be nice to have a picnic out in the country somewhere. We took a ferry, and then we took a bus. They didn't want to let Baby on the bus, until I told 'em she was an old dog and couldn't walk far."

"Couldn't walk far?" exclaimed Molly. "Why, she walked about ninety blocks all told."

"She knew you was bringing her to me," said the old man.

"We thought she was a puppy," said Joe. "You say she's old?"

"Baby and me," nodded the old man, "have been together nigh on to fourteen years. She's going on fifteen and I'm close to eighty." He chuckled weakly. "Well, sir, we got out where it was green and there was flowers and lots of sky. We got out of the bus and Baby walked right to my heel, like she always does in the city. I shoulda been more careful, I guess, but I didn't know she'd get confused. She ain't used to country—maybe she seen a butterfly, I dunno—but when I looked around she was gone."

The old man drew a gaunt face across his eyes. "Yeah, that's how it is," he said. "Well, I've walked

Animal Antics



"I call it a personality portrait."

ever since. I didn't even stop to eat the lunch I fixed—his head jerked down to the bundle that lay at his feet—I didn't have no heart to eat. I only set down here when I was too tuckered out to put one foot afore the other. You see, Baby was strange—out here. Folks wouldn't know her and she wouldn't know them."

"That's why," nodded Molly, "she couldn't find her way. Heaven knows she tried."

The little dog had curled herself up in a round ball beside the old man. She was swiftly, completely asleep. The old man fingered the woolly hair that curled over her red collar.

"Well, it didn't turn out to be much of a picnic," he said at last, "but it might have been worse."

"Much worse," agreed Joe.

The old man hesitated. "Maybe almost losing each other," he said, after a space of heart beats, "will bring us closer than ever. Baby and me. Maybe God was telling us, this way, that them as belongs together can't drift apart." He cleared his throat. "Baby's all I got," he said. "Thanks."

Joe coughed, and Molly, as she heard the gruff sound, realised that Joe always coughed when he was sufficed with feeling.

"Buck up, Joe," she said, "it's all over but the shouting."

Joe looked at her and stopped coughing. "Molly, is it true that when folks belong together—well, you heard what he said. Is it true?"

"It sounds true enough," said Molly. "It's worth investigating."

"Fine," said Joe. His voice was suddenly buoyant and very young. "Listen here," he said to the old man, "my car's parked quite a distance away. I'll go and get it, and then the bunch of us will drive back to town. While I'm gone, I'll leave my wife with you. See that she doesn't stray off before I get back."

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IT'S LIFE IN THE RAW FOR THIS BABY

- Rain or shine, hot or cold, Henry Ford Morton, 13 months old when these pictures were taken, romps about in the nude at his home in Adelaide, South Australia. Only as a concession to convention he wears tiny vees when he goes out.
- This spartan baby lives on raw fish, fruit juice, a slightly singed chop, lightly cooked rabbit or chicken, pineapple, peaches, grapes, or other fruit in season.
- His mother, Mrs. A. E. Morton, says she is bringing up her boy on the theories of Dr. Alexis Carrel, famous American scientist, who says that man must get back to nature for good health.



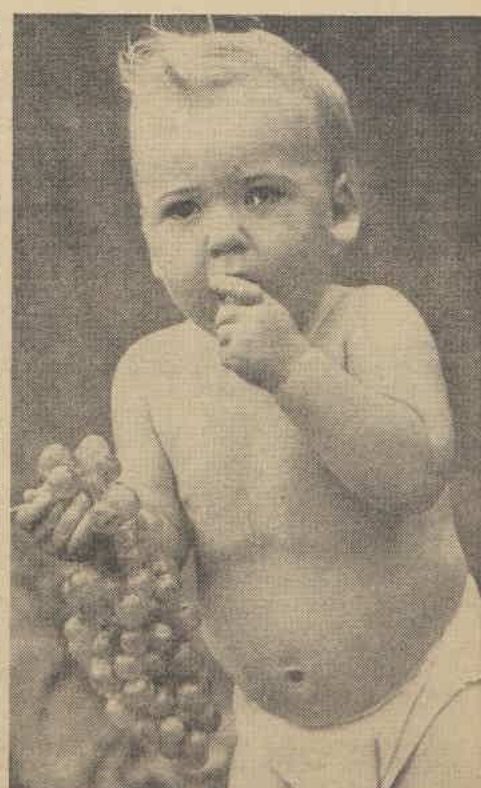
MRS. A. E. MORTON and her son, Henry Ford Morton, whom she is rearing on a "back-to-nature" scheme. "I acclimatised Henry slowly, until at 6 months he was able to discard all clothing."



HENRY FORD MORTON relishes his almost raw chop. He was born a premature, seedy baby. At three months his mother changed his mode of living and he has never looked back. At 9½ months Henry first tasted raw fish. Yes, he liked it!



HE-MAN HENRY sturdily propels four-year-old friend in his pram. He breakfasts on milk and fruit juice, lunches on 1lb. grapes or half pineapple and milk, dines on raw fish or chop or egg-yolk and fruit juice. He has eight teeth and had no teething troubles. Sleeps wearing a napkin and no bedclothes.



GRAPES AGAIN. Henry's first birthday brought just an extra ration of grapes. Henry takes cold shower daily; hasn't had a cold in a whole year.

Men of Yore

Continued from page 6

SILVERWARE, ornaments, most of the cellar stock, many of the paintings had been swathed in thick cloth and canvas, buried somewhere on the estate. That had been done almost automatically, for it takes more than a few generations to alter the cautious habits of a race, and this region had been invaded often in the past.

Only dribbles of the beaten French army passed nearby, the refugees drained south-west. Suddenly, the roads were empty and a strange quiet settled over the countryside. Celestin reported that he had "overheard"—for even the mention of the word radio annoyed Morlane—that an armistice was being arranged, that the war was over. A spokesman, from Bordeaux, had asked that no further resistance be offered, to avoid reprisals.

"Thank you, Celestin. You may bring me a small glass of cognac in the library." He was careful to specify the brand and the year. "Also, do not forget to inform me when those gentlemen arrive."

This would be the second time he saw Germans in the castle. When he had been a small boy, the place had been occupied by brown-coated Brunswick Hussars of Friedrich-Charles' armies.

This very room had been headquarters of a brigade, and Morlane's father had often told the story of how the general in command had asked to take away a gift clock from the mantel, as a souvenir "of such a charming house."

Celestin came to the door, his face bewildered. Morlane thought the invaders had come, and looked at his man sternly. One should not show perturbation to one's victors. But the old orderly came forward, laid a tray on the small table. There was a rather large visiting card on the tray, a name followed by a number of initials.

"It's the Englishman, Monsieur le Comte."

"The Englishman? Ah, yes. Show him in."

The lanky fellow appeared, strode forward, and Morlane rose to greet him. There was a pause, an exchange of smiles, and the count offered his hand.

"I hope you will forgive my addressing you in French, Major. But my last study of English dates back sixty-odd years. Please sit down." He looked for Celestin, who had gone. "I trust you will accept a slight refreshment. My man should be back very soon. I believe we have whisky, somewhere."

"Cognac, if you please."

Celestin reappeared, bringing in the cognac and a seltzer syphon, without being told. Morlane, despite his other concerns, gave him a glance of approval.

"You have decided to remain, Major?"

"Yes, Monsieur. As you have."

"Our situations are not alike, Major. I am no longer a belligerent." Morlane felt that something should be said to this ally of yesterday, of this morning. It was atrociously embarrassing, but in courtesy it must be said. "I must

confess that this is a great grief to me, this—surrender, Major. You must understand that—"

"Oh, perfectly, perfectly." The major was very polite. "No nation is altogether free from such disappointment." Major Bruce sipped his brandy, hesitated.

"I might as well come to the point at once, Monsieur," he resumed. "I have a favor to ask of you—I understand that you were in the colonial army, that you did a bit of exploration. Therefore, you must have hunted big game."

"Oh, yes. Any number of times. And you, Major?"

"The usual routine thing, Monsieur. A few cuts, an elephant or two. You see, I served in India, South Africa, West Africa. In fact, we were within four or five miles of each other once, when I was stationed in Nigeria. We disarmed some of Ahmadu's sofas which your column pushed across our border. Odd thing—" Bruce chuckled, "re-called your name perfectly, because it is the same as that of the captain of Lindomble. Read about him in class, you know—"

"I know," Morlane indicated the painting. "There he is."

Even in effigy, the sea wolf and courtier of Versailles could not hide from the enemy. Major Bruce smiled and lifted his glass. Morlane imitated him. Celestin refilled them promptly.

"But you were saying, Major, that I could be of service. Rest assured that anything I can do will be done."

"It's a very simple matter," Bruce resumed, with some awkwardness. "Have you by any chance kept a hunting rifle and a few rounds somewhere about? I shall need one. Found a rifle this morning, but a military issue piece, not made for precision shooting. You see, I have a theory."

"A rifle? There must be half a dozen, Major. Celestin—"

But Celestin, after filling the glasses a third time, had gone. "He will be back in a moment. So you do not think much of our Lebel rifle?"

"Oh, it's very good for troops, almost as good as ours. But those mass-production weapons are seldom satisfactory to one who is used to his own piece. You have to become accustomed to their peculiarities, and I shall not have the time." Major Bruce looked at his watch. "They should be here shortly before noon. They were reported fifteen kilometres away this morning."

"But, you are a civilian now, Major, and resistance will call for reprisals—"

"I have thought of that, Monsieur. However, I have a British flag—brought it to hang beside the flag of your country on July 14th. The proper thing to do, you see. I shall hang that flag over my home, and that will make it clear that no Frenchmen are involved."

"But you yourself, Major—"

"I?" Major Bruce grew somewhat shy, but contrived to express himself. "I feel their coming here a personal matter, you see. A few years ago, I resigned from the

British army. Did not get along, you know. I was right in my views, as proved now, but that is small satisfaction. Came here because I had always wanted to see the region, never had the chance. You see, my people fought around here, under Talbot. Oddly, I felt good here, better than anywhere else. As if I belonged. Can't just up and leave, you know."

Morlane nodded. He heard Celestin enter the room. "You will look for my guns, Celestin, please."

"I've brought them, Monsieur le Comte."

He lined several long cases on the big table. Then shuffled away. Morlane snapped the boxes open, revealed the guns, laid out neatly each piece occupying an upholstered nest.

"You'll probably prefer this one, Major. British make. Very good barrel. If I remember rightly, it shoots a shade high and to the right. For myself, I prefer this one. Specially made for me in St. Etienne, adjusted stock. Perhaps a bit long for you, as I have long arms."

Celestin had brought boxes of cartridges in a basket. Major Bruce

dead when he landed, at arm's length from me."

"Where did your shot strike him?"

"At the root of the nose, almost through the left eye."

"Through the eye, practically. That is what I am driving at. A tank must see, and to see, holes must be left for eyes to peer through. Also, one must remember that the field of vision of a man in a tank is narrowly circumscribed. From the flank, the attacker is relatively safe at close quarters. I firmly believe that a calm man, with a steady hand, can put a bullet through a tank's slit. Even if he but nicks the edge there is a strong chance that the driver will duck, lose vision for a second, or even be hurt by flying fragments . . ."

"Well, here we are. My housemaid has left."

The little villa was surrounded by a stone fence four feet high. It was a pretty structure, roofed with red tiles, with only one floor divided into five rooms. One was a kitchen, another for the maid, while the master's quarters consisted of parlor, dining-room, and bedroom.

Except for four long shelves of books, the major had introduced little personal note.

"Charming place," Morlane said. He looked out of the parlor windows facing in the direction of Broly. The road was straight almost to the village. "We could really remain here, Major."

"No. They'll undoubtedly shoot at the house. There is an angle of the wall that is much better." He picked up a sheet of paper from a table. "I have figured out ranges and heights of tanks, Monsieur. And I have found an angle not easily reached from a tank, which brings me quite near enough for our purpose."

He opened an album, turned the pages until he reached diagrams of tanks and armored cars. "This is excellent information—"

Celestin had gone into the kitchen, worked efficiently. He served a light lunch, a farmer's omelette, with chopped leeks, potatoes and diced fat bacon. He flanked the plates with some excellent bottles of Pomard. And the two old gentlemen ate standing, drank standing, tireless, animated, consulting the album, walking out from time to time to scan the angles.

At last, Major Bruce opened a drawer, unwrapped a flag from protecting tissue-paper. A ladder was brought. Celestin helped the Britisher to hoist his colors in a conspicuous place.

"If they're logical," Bruce concluded, "they'll take their reprisals at home. I think it is plain enough that this is a British establishment. I hope you do not mind, Monsieur—but the French flag might mean trouble for the village."

"I am honored," Morlane stated. But he took Celestin aside, and explained matters to him. "You see, my good friend, it is the only way to keep the risk to ourselves."

"If Monsieur le Comte thinks it's all right, it's all right," Celestin declared. "I don't like it, because I'm not English, but you can't always get just what you like in life. Does Monsieur le Comte authorize me to shoot also?"

"Yes. You have the American carbine."

"With all respect, Monsieur le Comte, I brought my own rifle. The English gentleman can say what he likes, but give me a Lebel carbine any time. Monsieur le Comte may recall that I'm not altogether clumsy."

"You shoot like William Tell's professor, Celestin."

Morlane turned and joined Major Bruce.

"Excellent chap, that," Major Bruce commented.

"A very old comrade, Major."

The nearer roar of motors had ceased for some minutes at the village. There were very few planes overhead, and somehow one could "feel" that they no longer expected combat. The French machines were grounded while the British were busy enough protecting the coast, covering the embarkation of the last fugitive battalions on the Cotentin shore.

The three old men were together at the angle of the wall, and they had ceased speaking. The major had drawn a case from a pocket, placed a pair of glasses on his nose. It changed his appearance, made him appear studious. Morlane had never needed spectacles.

Celestin, who was a year under seventy, had glasses for reading. But in the open, he had the eyes of a poacher.

STRONG chap.

Celestin. He had once carried Morlane, wounded, for two hundred yards, when the count weighed all of two hundred and twenty pounds.

There was a loud crepitation of motors, and files of dark objects darted out of the village. The emergency was upon them so suddenly that they had no time to think. Morlane spoke over his shoulder to Celestin, "The carbine—" for there was no need to use the heavier calibre on motorcyclists.

They were in greyish uniforms, queerly huddled, like rapidly darting beetles under the bucket helmets. Without thinking, Morlane applied a principle of ambush learned long ago, in the Sudan: Shoot at the rear men first; the front ones have more ground to cover to reach safety. His heart pounded a bit, but his eyes were clear, his hands steady.

The unexpected reports stopped the whole detachment, fifteen men at least. At the short range, under one hundred metres, it was impossible for marksmen of experience to miss.

Morlane snapped his repetition-lever open and shut five times. Major Bruce's heavy rifle thudded like a baby howitzer. And there was a most familiar sound, the detonation of the Lebel carbine handled by Celestin. A sound that Morlane had heard on three continents.

Five of the machines receded at maximum speed toward the village. From behind one of the fallen motor cycles, flames spurted in a steady stream. But the poor chap did not even know where his target was, his bullets pattered against the facade of the villa, tore through windows.

"Your shot, Monsieur—" Bruce called out, calmly.

"Ah, yes, thank you," Morlane aimed with care, squeezed the trigger. There was a puff of dust beyond the mark.

Major Bruce fired in his turn. The huddled form half rose, sank down again. Morlane nodded appreciation. There was movement on the road, men crawling, some of them leaving dark streaks in the dirt. These headed for the ditch, and the three old men did not shoot at them.

Two uncouth, bulky objects rolled out of the village, hurtled ahead, leaving trails of dust. Tanks. Exactly what type, Morlane did not know. He had never been interested in tanks. He regretted that now, feeling that the Englishman probably knew precisely what they were up against.

The larger tank opened fire as soon as the British flag was visible. It used a small cannon, probably a thirty-seven millimetre. And the gunnery was not bad, even on the move, for the shells tore into the villa, with great, crashing sounds.

Morlane turned, saw the flagpole knocked askew, the cloth hang down, a smear of colors against the plaster. He laughed inwardly—odd for him, Morlane, to end fighting under that flag.

The three crouched behind the wall.

Please turn to page 28

PAIN YOU CAN'T "Explain"



★
AMAZING ACTEVIN
(Anti-spasm) compound
Ends Needless Suffering
Every Month . . .

ALREADY five out of every nine women have changed to Myzone for better relief of period pain. For Myzone's own activein (anti-spasm) compound brings such quick—and more complete and lasting—relief without any "doping."

WHEN you feel you are going mad with those dragging muscular cramps . . . when headache and sick-feeling and that dreadful weakness makes you want to sit down and cry . . . let Myzone bring you blessed ease and comfort.

Just take two Myzone tablets with water, or cup of tea. These wonderful little tablets are absolutely safe, and can show you that normal periods need not ever be painful. Try Myzone with your very next "pain." All chemists.

Clinton-Williams Pty. Ltd., Sydney.

SWINGING Along the Road

You can't be a big success if you are always tired . . . afraid to compete with younger men or more vital, attractive women. You need not grow old yet . . . if only you will let WINCARNIS bring back youth's brisk step and cheery outlook. WINCARNIS, a nourishing blend of rich wine and two fortifying vitamins, will build up your exhausted system. Over 25,000 recommendations from medical men testify that WINCARNIS, the "No-Waiting" Tonic, benefits brain, heart and nerves from the very first glass. GET WINCARNIS from your Chemist to-day.

Dangerous Varicose Veins Can be Reduced

People who want to reduce swollen or varicose veins should get a bottle of Moore's Emerald Oil at once. Applying night and morning as directed they will quickly notice an improvement which will continue until the veins and bunches are reduced to normal. Chemists are selling a lot of this.

DEEDS THAT THRILLED AUSTRALIA!

1 AMID THE PERILS AND HAZARDS OF THE LIBYAN CAMPAIGN, SIGNALMEN KENNETH CLIFT, WILLIAM BRUCE AND ROBERT MCKEAGUE OF N.S.W. SET OUT TO LAY A CABLE BETWEEN BATTALION HEADQUARTERS AND THEIR BRIGADE, BUT IN THE TREK ACROSS THE DESERT THEY GET LOST....

2 DESPERATELY THEY TRY TO FIND THEIR WAY BACK TO THE BRIGADE... INSTEAD THEY LOCATE... AN ITALIAN BATTERY...

3 THEY ARE ARMED ONLY WITH PISTOLS BUT CLIFT, (IN CHARGE) ORDERS AN IMMEDIATE ATTACK... IN THE FACE OF WITHERING FIRE FROM THE BATTERY THE THREE ATTACK... THE ITALIAN COMMANDER GIVES UP... HE ORDERS HIS MEN TO CEASE FIRE... SURRENDERS WITH HIS GUNS. THE AUSTRALIANS LOCATE THE BRIGADE AGAIN, LEAVE THEIR PRISONERS AND SET OUT ONCE MORE... THEY LOCATE HEADQUARTERS... LAY THE CABLE BACK TO THE BRIGADE. SIGNALMAN CLIFT IS AWARDED THE D.C.M., SIGNALMEN BRUCE AND MCKEAGUE, THE MILITARY MEDAL



ILLUSTRATED BY NOEL COOK



Women also Serve.

Nurses prepare reserve list

MORE than five hundred nurses have volunteered for the Civil Nursing Reserve of N.S.W. in readiness for a national emergency. Many more are needed.

"Many are women who have retired from nursing," said Miss E. P. Evans, secretary of the Australasian Trained Nurses' Association, who is compiling the list of those who would give their services.

"Married women are also joining up, but we ask those with young families not to apply as in an emergency their own children would need them," she added.

Hairdresser Gives Advice on Grey Hair

Tells How to Make a Home-Made Grey Hair Remedy.

Miss Diana Manners, who has been a hairdresser in Sydney for the past ten years, gives this advice:—"There is nothing to equal the remedy for grey hair, made up from an ounce of Bay Rum, 1 ounce of Glycerine, and a small box of Orlex Compound, mixed with a half-pint of water. Any chemist can supply these ingredients at a small cost, and the mixing is so easy you can do it yourself and save the extra expense. "By combing this liquid through grey hair you can turn it any shade you like, black, brown, or light brown, besides making it glossy and fluffy and free from itchy dandruff. It is perfectly harmless, free from sickness, grease or gum, and does not rub off. It should make any grey-haired person vastly more youthful in appearance."

New 3-Second Relief CORN

PAIN GOES
CORN lifts out

Actually... in 3 seconds after touching it with a drop of Frosol-Ice... you can feel the pain die out of any nasty nagging corn or callus. This better-type of anesthetic action works that fast every time. Soon after the corn begins to shrink—then works so loose that you can lift it out in your finger-tips. Frosol-Ice is the safe, instant-drying, antiseptic treatment that does not spread out on healthy tissue. All chemists and stores...



THERE IS plenty of work to do on Mondays at the new St. Andrew's Hostel for servicemen. Here is Mrs. D. K. Fuller (right) checking over a pile of linen with Mrs. L. Hinkley.

They do the housework at new hostel

A splash of color in Cathedral Avenue, just behind St. Andrew's Cathedral, Sydney, is made by the bright blue bannisters of the wooden staircase which leads the way to the new St. Andrew's Hostel for servicemen.

At the bottom of the staircase a blue-pointed door opens into a large, spotlessly-clean room where there are forty-two beds covered with coverlets of the same blue.

MEMBERS of the Sydney Diocesan Church Women's Association volunteered to do the hostel's housework, which is considerable.

Every day, from noon till 3 p.m., these women cheerfully sweep and wash the floors, change and make the beds, clean the shower-room, and dust.

As most of them are married women with homes of their own, the work is only a continuation of their daily routine of household duties. They work on a roster of eight women to each day, and there are also three supervisors.

As well as this work at the hostel

they all knit and sew for the soldiers and raise money in their local branches for the Church of England National Emergency Fund.

This hostel, one of the few in Sydney, is a haven to soldiers, sailors, and airmen who find themselves in Sydney with no friends and often no place to sleep.

For 1/- they can enjoy a comfortable night's accommodation from 6 p.m. till 9 a.m. The money helps to pay for the hostel's upkeep.

Since the hostel was opened a month ago over five hundred men have been accommodated.

The Church Women's Association has already made a great success of its canteen and recreation hut. Mrs. H. W. K. Mowll, wife of the Archbishop of Sydney, is the president.

• Readers are invited to send in to The Australian Women's Weekly suggested subjects for "Deeds That Thrilled Australia." Letters from men in the services often tell of unsung heroes whose deeds should be made more widely known. Endorse your envelope "Thrilling Deeds." For The Australian Women's Weekly addresses see pattern page.

The Music you like best...
with stories about it
presented by Juan Cortez.

"EVERYBODY'S MUSIC"

2GB Monday & Thursday
9.15 a.m.



"STAND EASY"

It will thrill you as you
laugh... The greatest
programme of 1941.

Saturdays, 8 p.m. 2GB

(Commencing October 4)

The Detective's Wife

Continued from page 5

ONE tenant gave evidence that she had emerged from the lift late in the afternoon of November 18 and seen Mrs. Russell admitted into Captain Morgan's apartment. This was a fortnight after Miss Denny's death and twelve days after her funeral.

Twelve people gave evidence that they had seen her run from the doorway of the Arms at seven o'clock on the evening of December 21, run up the hill and turn left to the car park, start up her car and drive on up the hill into the darkness.

Seven of these witnesses were tenants who knew her by sight and five identified her in a line-up. Eleven of these witnesses had been standing talking at the kerb before getting into their cars to go to a party. The twelfth was a boy who lived in the house and was hanging a holly-wreath on the entrance door when she passed him.

His evidence was that he had called out: "Hello, Mrs. Russell." She had paused a moment, as if startled, put her hand up to her face, said, "Hello, Grumpy," and run down the steps as if the devil were after her. No stranger could have known his nickname.

The boy was almost sure he had heard the shot, but thought nothing of it. The body was found in the kitchen and the kitchen was at the side of the apartment near the car park, and nobody paid any attention to a noise like a backfire.

Three days later, newspapers and

milk bottles accumulating at Captain Morgan's door aroused suspicion, and the superintendent went in with his key. The Captain had been shot in the chest and died immediately, his head and shoulders against the service door and his feet against the gas stove.

None of Mrs. Russell's fingerprints had been found in his apartment, and the gun, wiped clean, was the Captain's own property. At first Mrs. Russell had denied all knowledge of him, denying flatly that she had been near the house since the death of Miss Denny. But two damning pieces of evidence had made her change her story.

A miniature of herself as a child had been found in his apartment, wrapped up and addressed to her and stamped ready for posting, and a page torn from a notebook with the names and addresses of several men and women running the research departments in the studios, in her handwriting, had been found on his body.

Confronted with the fact that the page fitted the torn edges of a notebook she carried in her bag, Mrs. Russell retracted her denial of knowledge of Captain Morgan and attributed it to panic caused by the circumstantial evidence.

She said that one day in May, when she was having tea with Miss Denny, Captain Morgan came with some newspapers and magazines for the old lady. He seemed very depressed, and Miss Denny on introducing him to her guest had remarked that perhaps Mrs. Russell would have some idea how he could make a little money, she knew so many people.

On hearing that he had spent many years at sea, she had suggested he should put his name down at the studio research departments where he might earn fees as a maritime expert on cargo shipping. A check up at the studios showed he had never acted on her suggestion.

She further explained that the miniature had been in Miss Denny's possession for many years, and after her death she remembered it and hoped she could recover it for her children. Aware that Captain Morgan made a habit of dropping in on the old lady to talk to her and take magazines, she had called and asked him if he had ever seen it in the apartment. That call was the one made on November 18.

The captain had seen it, but told her that a relative had come and taken Miss Denny's personal possessions away and sold them locally. He promised to try to trace the miniature for her, and he had evidently done so.

She had not been able to shake the evidence of the group of people who had seen her leave the apartment on the night of the man's murder as she could not establish an alibi. She said she had gone for a long drive in the hills because her grief at the death of her old friend was still fresh and she felt sad and moody.

The second damning piece of evidence was an entry in the dead man's diary indicating a strong motive for murder.

"If I can't have H. nobody else is going to. I had her first. What is life all about? We don't ask to be born and when we are we can't stand it. She's the only thing I ever had that makes this nightmare possible."

The prosecution claimed that Cap-

tain Morgan had been a youthful escapade in Mrs. Russell's life before she married and left San Francisco, that he had found her on his forced retirement from the sea (he had been fired for losing his ship in a collision), and that Miss Denny had been brought from San Francisco to live in the Pepper Tree Arms as a blind to cover Mrs. Russell's visits to him. Finally, that she had murdered him to prevent him from making trouble with her husband.

"Twenty thousand dollars," sighed Tom, getting up from the table spread with newspapers. "You couldn't clear that woman for twenty million. Why did she lie about knowing him if she was innocent?"

"Panic, like she said, darling. That's natural. It was true about the miniature. They found that Morgan had been searching for it in the junk shops."

"But she came out of the apartment after the shot. Nobody else came out. No one could have got out of the service door and set the body back where it was. Besides he had no friends—no enemies. No one but Mrs. Russell ever visited him."

"So far as we know."

"Jenny the Bulldog—"

"That's right, I am. I'm moving into the Pepper Tree Arms to-morrow. I'm going to be a little girl

from the backwoods trying to break into movies."

"Don't get into them by accident, Moppet. I could stand any trick but that one."

Jenny chose to take the room in Mrs. Mullins' apartment. It was the least attractive of the three, but the woman was big, untidy, garrulous and full of curiosity. She would be a talker, Jenny got settled in and initiated into the workings of the divan bed. By suggesting a cut in the price of the room on account of the murder, she got Mrs. Mullins started.

"It certainly gave the Arms a bad name, but that's all over. We don't have trouble getting tenants."

"Is the apartment rented?"

"No. But it will be. The whole thing will be forgotten—even the girl who did the murder."

"If she did commit it," said Jenny artfully.

Mrs. Mullins folded her arms and propped herself against the table, prepared for a long stay. "She did it all right. I could be almost sorry she didn't get away with it. I could have told things, too. I've passed his door sometimes and heard him yelling at her. What a queer man. Handsome—but so snappy. Say good morning, it's a fine day, and he'd snarl at you and bang his door till the house shook. Jealous, I figure. Trying to force her to leave her husband."

"That lovely aristocrat and that embittered character. It doesn't make sense."

MRS. MULLINS sighed. "Love never does. The girls here—such rattlebrains—and the men fall over themselves chasing them. Even Miss Reid—the booby prize I'd call her. Though she sure knows her stuff better than any girl I ever knew. Now Mrs. Russell, she's what I call really beautiful."

Jenny agreed, as it seemed expected. "I do, too."

Mrs. Mullins rushed on. "Captain Morgan met Mullins in the car park that day last May, the day he first met her. He said, 'Well, Mullins, you're wrong. All women are not alike. To-day I met an angel—'"

Jenny heard no more. Sensation flowed over her like icy water. This was an angle she hadn't thought of, the thing that made the impossible possible. Looking at Harriet Russell in court, so pale, dignified and wistfully beautiful, so obstinately insistent on her innocence, Jenny had known her incapable of the sordid intrigue of bringing Miss Denny to Los Angeles as a blind for a double life.

But this was different. This was possible. A meeting with a strange, fascinating character in Miss Denny's little room. The girl's known habit of interesting herself in the lives of others. Her generosity, her uncommon Raphael Madonna face—a personality irresistible to a certain kind of man. Captain Morgan's kind of man. Middle-aged, disillusioned, knocked about by the world.

Please turn to page 30

Unsightly PIMPLES CLEARED Away

Three months ago, my face was a mass of pimples. I was self-conscious and utterly wretched.

Being very fond of John, I was anxious to impress him. I tried desperately to clear them away—but nothing did the slightest good, until...

One day I tried Resona Ointment. Hardly daring to hope, I watched for results. A few days later mother said: "Jean, your pimples are going."

Imagine my delight. Soon there wasn't a pimple left. What's more, I've kept free of them ever since just by using Resona.

SIX healing ingredients make Resona Ointment the perfect remedy for all skin troubles.

1/7 in the green triangular tin (3 times the quantity, 3/7)

O.19.32

AS SMART AND DURABLE AS COLOUR-FAST NILE HANDKERCHIEFS!

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WITH PERFECT COMFORT!

* Nile Singlets can "take it." They're woven for WEAR and designed for men of action. The cost? Only 2/6, 2/11 and 3/6—and made from the best Egyptian yarn. And for that boy of yours there's a Nile Junior Athletic Singlet at 1/6.

A PIONEER PRODUCT

NILE

ATHLETIC SINGLETS

THE tanks had slackened speed, possibly through caution, probably to thread their way among the men and machines scattered on the road. The one in the lead grew very near, slowly, progressing at perhaps eight miles an hour. On the left side, beneath and ahead of the machine-gun turret, there was a heavy steel shutter, pierced by narrow, oblong slits. No, Major Bruce's scheme was not very practical; putting a bullet through one of them would be a hard shot.

Then, as he watched, there was a metallic creak above the purr of the idling motors, and that shutter started to lift. The driver evidently believed that the motor cyclists had been ambushed by a roving band, which had taken flight at the arrival of the rolling fortresses.

Major Bruce fired. The tank continued to creep forward, the shutter clanged shut. Then the massive vehicle started to swing in a semi-circle, chugging steadily. Morlane had seen a badly hurt animal stop thus in his tracks and turn about as if seeking the cause of the injury. Then, like many wounded animals, the tank lurched ahead quickly, fetched up in the ditch, nose down. A hatchway on top of the turret lifted, a head appeared slowly.

Morlane fired. The man dropped out of sight, the metal cover remained up.

"Careful, Monsieur," Bruce called. "There are three men in those."

The second tank was near in its turn. Morlane aimed at the slot in the left shutter. His first shot rang on solid metal, the second one did not.

This tank stopped, for two or three seconds, then resumed its slow, constant motion forward. The flat-topped turret, with its rounded belly, swung round deliberately; the muzzles of the guns wavered a bit, like feelers. It was true that these monsters were nearsighted, almost blind. The Englishman had studied their habits, their ways, and chosen the spot hardest for them to locate.

The machine-gun and the cannon both opened fire, the uproar was deafening. The wall crumbled, but several yards to the left. The armored machine slid forward along the road, and the three old men fired at the slots. Bicocheting bullets whined overhead. Again, the lumbering monster came to a halt, swung about heavily, returned, and the heavy rifles thrudded, while the metal beast seemed to sniff for them angrily with its guns.

Morlane swore under his breath. An immense fatigue tormented his brain, pulled at his aged muscles. He felt consciousness leaving him.

Then pain awoke him. He was on the ground, looking up into a smooth, beardless face, shaded by the rigid brim of a bucket helmet. A German, a young German, certainly

Men of Yore

Continued from page 26

not over twenty-four. Morlane tried to rise, fell back with a muffled groan. His whole frame was melting into one immense twinge of fusing pain.

Strong hands beneath his arms lifted him erect. He managed to stand. He looked about.

There was Celestin, stretched full length, face to the dirt, in the lee of the demolished wall. The major was kneeling, his head resting on a stone, what was left of his head. Morlane de Broly's old knees buckled, two of the soldiers started forward to hold him. He shook his head, stiffened, and they stepped back.

The young officer was speaking—in English. "I do not understand you, Lieutenant," Morlane said in French.

"Ah, so!" The young man smiled and went on in French: "Who are you? Why did you do this? You did excellently, however." He turned to indicate the flag, "But I do not quite understand."

Morlane explained in a few words. "Ah, so! A courageous gentleman. All courageous gentlemen, yes! But you, you are French?"

"French origin, Lieutenant," Morlane said, tearing the words out with an effort, "but in British service."

The young officer appeared puzzled. Then his teeth flashed in a smile of understanding, and he nodded.

"Ah, so! To avoid reprisals on the villagers? Very good. I think I can assure you that the village shall not be held responsible. That

is what you wished, no? However, you are in civilian clothing, you have no proper qualifications. Yes. You are wounded, and waiting for court-martial would be suffering.

"Needless, no? Ah, so I regret, but you understand. Several men have been killed. Personally, my compliments. Ah, so! Very brave." The German produced a case. "Cigarette?"

"Never use them."

"Ah, so! I regret—" the young man uttered a string of guttural orders.

A half-dozen men moved toward the villa, carrying their carbines. They laughed and joked as they walked, then formed in line.

"I think the wall would be the thing, Monsieur."

"Quite right," Morlane agreed.

He gathered his strength, walked the short distance unaided, his steps firm enough. His big hand, with the protruding veins, lifted to brush his white hair, and he turned to face his enemies.

"Here? Will this do?"

"Oh, quite."

The young lieutenant tossed his cigarette stub aside, then stepped on it carefully. He spoke, the carbines jerked to the shoulders.

Morlane still stood, but his soul was elsewhere already. With the man of his race who had faced a firing squad after Quiberon, with the man who had fought on with his stumps in sawdust, with the man who had charged down the hop fields at Morsbronn, with all the Frenchmen who had known when and how to die—with the splendid soul of a vanquished France.

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ODO-RO-NO Ends Perspiration



Sometimes women try short cuts to personal grooming. It is tempting, yes, but they always come back to Odo-ro-no. Used and recommended by doctors to stop perspiration in small areas, it is the only sure end to perspiration and underarm odour. Itself odourless it leaves no greasy residue and odour on your clothing.



1/3, 2/6 and 5/6

WRITERS IN THE STARS

ASTROLOGY BY JUNE MARSDEN

The zodiacal sign "Libra the Balance" now holds sway over the heavens, and also over all people born under its influence—between September 23 and October 24.

ALL Librans should now plan a campaign calculated to bring progress, gain, favors, desired removals, promotion and general well-being, for at least 90 per cent, will find that their fortunes improve in some way at this time.

After making their plans they should try to give them the benefit of a good start by putting them into operation on dates shown in the daily diary as most promising of success.

However, there is one thing to remember. After making the plans they must try to stick to them. The troubles, disappointments or failures Librans experience most in life are usually the result of their own indecisiveness.

They are too prone to let themselves be sidetracked by others, or else lose enthusiasm through inactivity or a few difficulties.

The Daily Diary

UTILISE the following information in your daily affairs. It should prove interesting.

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): Be on guard against loss, upsets, opposition, and disappointment or unwise acts and words for a few weeks to come. This is especially the case on September 23 and 25 (around sunrise and in the evening).

TAURUS (April 21 to May 21): Consolidate recent gains and avoid over-confidence in starting new ventures now unless set in motion during recent weeks. September 24 mixed; September 25 (from sunrise to 10 p.m.), 26 and 28 (after 11 p.m., but not earlier) slightly helpful.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 21): Difficult times recently should now take a decided change for the better. Plan wisely and work hard trying to secure promotion, favors, gain and make changes and new friends. Meanwhile, September 26 (late evening), and 27 (daylight), adverse, but September 30 (very helpful between 2 and 7 p.m.; adverse between 8 a.m. and 2 p.m.).

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): Be on guard against irritation, delays, difficulties and worries, especially on September 23, 25, and 29 (to 11 p.m.).

LEO (July 23 to August 24): Quite fair for many. Look for a change on September 23 (around noon, but midnight poor), September 27 (adverse between 1 a.m. and 8 p.m., but helpful thereafter), September 28, 29, and 30 (poor).

VIRGO (August 24 to September 23): Stabilize your position and any recent improvements, but avoid starting new ventures of importance now. September 26 (near midnight), 29 (after 11 p.m. only), and 30 (between 11 a.m. and 2 p.m.) should prove helpful.

LIBRA (September 23 to October 24): Work hard for a few weeks, for you can realize some of your ambitions. Plan ahead, seek gains, favors, promotion or beneficial changes. September 23 (around sunrise adverse; good between 7.30 and 10 a.m.; then just fair), September 24 (between 11.30 a.m. and 2 p.m.), and 25 (after 10 p.m.), fair. September 26 and 29 (to 10 p.m.) difficult.

SCORPIO (October 24 to November 21): Very fair for many on September 24 (between 11 a.m. and 2 p.m. only). Also on September 25 (after 11 p.m. only), September 29 and 30 (after 11 p.m.), fair. September 29 (midday), poor.

SAGITTARIUS (November 22 to December 21): Quite good for modest ventures; 22 changes on September 26 (around noon, but thereafter poor). Also on September 27 (near 7 a.m., or between 1 and 10.30 p.m., but 8 a.m. to 8 p.m. poor).

CAPRICORN (December 22 to January 20): Avoid over-confidence and unnecessary changes now. Past good fortune can peter out if you are careless, especially on September 23 and 25 (between 6 a.m. and 10 p.m.). Let all important matters stand over. Keep to routine tasks for safety.

AQUARIUS (January 20 to February 18): Work hard but cautiously and plan for decisive action in the near future. September 23 (between 7.30 and 10 a.m. good, balance of day fair); September 26 (between 11 a.m. and 1 p.m.) and 27 (before 7 a.m., or between 8 and 10 p.m.) helpful. September 30 (from 2.30 to 7 p.m. only), good. September 24 and 25 poor.

PISCES (February 19 to March 21): September 23 and 24 (before noon), 25 (late) and 27 (one hour), difficulties, opposition, upsets, discord, and loss or partings. Live quietly and try to avoid such things for a while.

The Australian Women's Weekly presents this series of articles on astrology as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained therein. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.



MANDRAKE: Master magician, and **LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, are endeavoring to solve the mystery of the Walking Mummy at the Orient Museum.
DR. WHITE: The director, and his daughter **SONNY:** Are helping them, but the suggestion of mystery is scoffed at by

DR. BENDAR: Assistant curator, who says the Walking Mummy is a fake for which Mandrake is responsible.
Dr. Bendar's guides try to kill Mandrake, but with the help of Lothar he quells them, and he and Sonny chase and corner the mummy. NOW READ ON.



MANDRAKE BOOK No. 2 On sale at all newsagents Price 6d.

The Detective's Wife

Continued from page 28

JENNY put her hand up and pushed her hair back from her hot forehead.

Mrs. Mullins had told what she knew of Captain Morgan and Mrs. Russell. Now she felt it fair to cross-examine Jenny. "Know anybody here, Miss Burke? How do you figure to worm your way into a studio?"

"I don't know anybody and I don't know anything. I thought I'd just call and ask for appointments."

Mrs. Mullins laughed for a whole minute. "Why, child, if you saw the Venuses that have come and stayed in this house, and then gone to live in a slum and then gone home or started carrying trays in a Pig'n Whistle! There are too many of them. You're pretty, but not like them. Unless you're cast for Minnie Mouse—"

"You're not very encouraging," said Jenny glumly. "Is it all done by influence?"

"Sure is! Tell you what. You cultivate Miss Reid. She's a head-ache, but she knows how to get on in life. Why, that girl's thirty if she's a minute, and she's going to marry a director. That is, when his wife will go to Reno—"

Jenny longed to ask her how she knew all these things, but she said, "I'd be glad to meet this girl. I'd be glad of any help, even if it's only telling me things."

"Well, she lives across the landing, and she keeps borrowing things from me and never returning them. An egg for her breakfast, a lemon for her hair, a cup of sugar. These things mount up. I'm next to sup-porting her—"

"Does she work in the studios?" "About once a month. Extra girl. First-class wardrobe and the airs of I don't know what. She's worked in night clubs doing imitations. She's too delicate to dance or anything like work. But strong enough to stay out all night smoking in night spots. But now she's got this fellow, she's going to be a star. So she thinks."

"Don't you?" "Not much. He's infatuated, that's all. It's all she can do to make it last till his wife gives her a chance to get hold of him."

Jenny felt nauseated. The front doorbell rang. "Bet that's her," said Mrs. Mullins. "Come to borrow a chop for dinner. Come along with me and make up to her."

Jenny went with her into the foyer. At the door stood a good-looking girl, with striking dark eyes and fluffy hair. She was holding a cigarette in her fingers. Her voice was husky as if she smoked too much. "Be a good scout, Mullins. I'm a shipwrecked sailor. My lighter won't work, and I've got no matches."

"Here are some," said Jenny, opening her bag.

Mrs. Mullins introduced them. "This is my new roomer, Miss Reid. Pretty, isn't she?"

"So, so," said the visitor, head on one side. "I like the way she does her hair. Drop in and see me if you're lonesome."

"Thanks, I will. I must have seen you in a picture. I've seen you somewhere."

Miss Reid grinned pleasantly. "You flatter me. Didn't know I stood out that much. I'll return the matches to-morrow. So long, I'm in a hurry."

Mrs. Mullins shut the door with a snap. "Lucky it's matches—not money. You've said good-bye to them."

Jenny went out after dinner and walked up the hill and round the house in the clear, cool night. The house was built up the hill so that the high end had six floors and the lower end had eight. The two floors on the lower end were below the entrance level. The janitor and the superintendent had apartments there.

Captain Morgan's apartment was at the high end with his kitchen window overlooking the car park. Jenny looked at the window. It would have been possible for someone to go through that window had it not been heavily barred with ornamental iron. She remembered also that the evidence had shown it was locked on the inside.

She saw a door standing open and entered. It was the entrance to a back staircase going up past the kitchen doors of all the apartments on the high side of the building.

Feeling depressed, she walked on up the hill to the summit, accompanied by the dry rustling of the palms. Below were the light standards by the tramlines running into Los Angeles. Beyond were the distant lights on the hills by Silver Lake. It was over here the fright-

ened woman had gone in her car. They could not have seen the car in the dark nor the licence number. Probably no one would have looked at it, if she had come down the other way and driven past them.

She went back to the cheaply ornate house with its pseudo-Spanish ornamentation, and went up to bed.

Jenny thought it unlikely that the flamboyant Miss Reid would be any help to her, but she had a theory that you had luck if you helped luck get at you. She went after her matches next day.

Miss Reid was surprised at Jenny's meanness in worrying over a packet of matches, and showed it. Without her wheedling grin, she was definitely thirtyish and disagreeable. She came to the door in a bathwrap. "I was just going to wash my hair. Can't you leave it till to-morrow?"

"I wanted a smoke, Miss Reid, but no matter. Would you like me to show you how I do my waves? Yours are too loose. You said you liked mine."

Miss Reid smiled cynically. "Old Mullins has been telling you I know a thing or two. What a woman! Oh, all right, come in. Guess you're not going to start any hot competition."

JENNY went in. While Miss Reid shampooed her hair, Jenny told her how the waves had to be done by hand in flat lines on the head and pinned there to dry. The prospect of her tumultuous hair looking like Jenny's put Miss Reid into a good humor. She rinsed her hair, soaked up the water running from it with a bath towel, bound a face towel round it and sat down before her dressing-room mirror.

Jenny got a severe shock. The numlike effect of the folded towel hiding the golden hair answered the question of where Jenny had seen the girl before. With dark hair she would be the double of Harriet Russell.

With a great effort she stood behind the girl's chair fixing the waves patiently with the little pins while her heart beat like the wheels of a train: "She's a murderer—she's a murderer—she's a murderer."

Afterwards, Jenny shopped and drove home to prepare dinner for Tom. When he came home she was in a fever of excitement. "Tom, darling, I must know this quickly. If a person discovered he could look exactly like another person if he wore similar clothes and a dark wig, could he impersonate that person to get away with a murder?"

Tom said: "Say that again slowly." His brows rose while Jenny repeated it. "Sounds as if you're on to something! Yes, it could be done. Don't tell me you've found—"

Jenny grabbed his arm and pulled him to the dining-room. "But yes, Tom. There's a girl living at the Arms on the top floor, right above Captain Morgan's apartment, that's the living image of Harriet Russell, only you'd never guess it because she wears fancy clothes and shaggy golden hair. A back staircase goes right from her kitchen door to his kitchen door. She could have seen him ten times a day without anybody knowing, if she was careful."

Tom clung to his logic. "But Mrs. Russell's lies. The fact they both came from San Francisco—"

Jenny clung to her intuition. "Don't, Tom. Give me a chance. Tell me what to do next supposing this is the answer—"

"The Morgan apartment is now empty, isn't it? So the janitor would let me in?"

"Yes." "Good. If she was in the habit of going down there, there's sure to be a few fingerprints somewhere. You get a print and then I'll try to match it."

Jenny was too excited to eat. "That's easy. I'll ask her to return the sugar."

She explained this while Tom ate with slow, flattering enjoyment.

Jenny took a clean handkerchief with her when she went to call for Mrs. Mullins' sugar. Miss Reid came to the door after repeated ringing, cross-grained and sleepy-eyed. Her eyebrows shot up to her subdued hair when Jenny asked for the sugar. Her fickle amiability vanished. "Some very peculiar people occasionally dwell in our midst."

Jenny tried not to hate her. "I don't see anything peculiar in coming to you when we are short. You don't hesitate to come to us."

"What have you to do with it?"

"No sugar for my breakfast coffee if you don't return it."

"Come on in then."

Jenny stood in the kitchen while Miss Reid poured the sugar from a bag into Mrs. Mullins' cup. She held the bowl of it in her long fingers. Jenny took it by the handle, heart going madly. "Thanks. I wonder if you'd mind telling me your first name?"

"Why do you want to know?"

"Just wondered if you were a Mollie Reid I'd heard about."

"No. My name's Heidi. Now run on and let me get some sleep."

Jenny paused on the landing outside as the door shut abruptly behind her, and wrapped the cup in the handkerchief. Heidi. She felt weak with emotion. If Tom found the prints it was all over—all over. One girl free—and another in the trap. She hardened her heart. This girl deserved it. She telephoned Tom at the office and told him to meet her in the hall below as quickly as he could with his fingerprints outfit.

The janitor left them alone in the haunted apartment. It had been denuded of its furniture, but Tom was not worried. It had not been cleaned and painted, except for the removal of the bloodstains in the kitchen. It was a small place of two rooms, dim now with drawn blinds, but otherwise full of sunlight. Tom turned the slats of the blinds, so that the sun came in, and made straight for the kitchen.

There were glass-fronted cupboards for the china. "This," he said, with a deliberately business-like manner, "is where visiting women leave their fingerprints."

Unable to bear the suspense and the associations of the place, Jenny waited in the living-room looking through the blind at the white houses opposite with their fluttering awnings and their green gardens terraced up the hill. She felt as if she had birds flying in her stomach. Suddenly Tom shouted, "Jenny, you're a wonder. Here they are."

He put a call through from Mrs. Mullins' apartment to a detective friend in the police department, and waited till he came. The two men went in to see Heidi Reid together, while Jenny packed up and drove home again. Tom had a busy day, and in the evening he told Jenny Miss Reid's story.

She had started her career very young singing in a cheap cabaret in the village of New York. A man had offered her a job in a cabaret in Panama. Full of the lust for adventure, she had gone and been trapped into a depraved life there.

Captain Morgan had come into Panama on his ship and fallen in love with her and given her money to go to San Francisco, his home port. He had supported her there for several years and she had saved out of his money till one voyage she had left San Francisco in his absence and gone to Hollywood and changed her name.

She was just making headway when he was fired from the company for losing a ship and set out to find her. When he did find her she implored him to leave her alone so that she could take the chance a new love affair offered to get on in life. But he was mad with jealousy.

She had not intended to kill him, but on the night of the murder she had gone into his apartment from the back stairs on her way out to a party. He had threatened to follow her and expose her past if she went. His revolver was lying on the kitchen table between them. She picked it up and fired at him on a wild impulse. His falling body had wedged the kitchen door and she



MAROON-AND-PRIMROSE printed crepe frock from Cresta, with high V neckline and softly-draped yoke. Unpressed pleats, tubular, elbow-length sleeves, and a low waistline are important fashion notes.

could not move it without being stained with blood.

She had waited panic-stricken for people to come, but voices went on outside and nobody came. She looked through the living-room blind and saw the people standing at the kerb. She waited and waited, but they still lingered. Finally she decided to hide her hair and her dress and make a run for it in the dark.

She pinned a pair of his black socks tightly round her head like a turban and put on a black alpaca jacket he wore in the house over the glittering top of her black dress. She washed the gun, made sure there was nothing of hers in the apartment, and slipped out of the door quietly.

The boy hanging holly on the entrance door had nearly stopped her heart beating. But he called, "Hello, Mrs. Russell." She got back her breath, answered, "Hello, Grumpy," and ran up to her car, drove over the hill to Griffith Park, burnt the socks and the jacket, and went on to the party.

She agreed it was a terrible nervous strain to stay on at the Pepper Tree Arms while the trial was in progress, but she had a lease on her apartment, and was afraid trying to get out of it would draw attention to her.

"And she was darned right it would," added Tom. "It took a mouse to trip her up. The heartless little beast. Hard as nails—and clever—"

Jenny sighed deeply. "Tell me something pleasant. How happy the Russells are, for instance—"

"I haven't the words for Brent Russell's condition. They'll tell you themselves. And you'll be a success in this town if you don't watch out."

"I'll watch," said Jenny. "I like my life the way it is—"

Tom was leaning back in his chair. "Oh, boy, women are the devil when they take to crime. They're worse than men. They're so darn ruthless—"

"And when they take to detecting it?" inquired Jenny.

"You could learn. You have a talent. And the right luck." He got up and kissed her exuberantly. "You must admit you had the luck." He patted the bulge of the wallet containing the cheque in his left breast pocket.

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SORE FEET



RELAX ACHING MUSCLES Drive Pain Clean Out

When your feet ache and burn, give yourself instant, glorious relief this way: One application of St. Jacob's Oil and your crippling pains go. First you feel your skin begin to glow. Second your sore muscles relax. . . . pain goes. You actually feel the soothing oil sinking into your tired muscles. You feel it drive the pain clean out. St. Jacob's Oil does not burn the skin. Give yourself glorious relief. Get a bottle of St. Jacob's Oil right away.

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump out of Bed in the Morning Full of Vim.

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Wind bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, tired and weary and the world looks blue. Laxatives are only makeshifts. A more bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get those two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for CARTER'S Little Liver Pills by name. Scrupulously refuse anything else!

"Damp-set"

YOUR HAIR

AND LAUGH AT THE WIND!

Famous American beauty chemist's way to keep hair in firm lustrous waves and curls, always smartly groomed. "Damp-setting" works on any hair, any wave—takes four minutes! Ask your chemist, store or hairdresser for a bottle of VELMOL.

JUST THREE STEPS IN DAMP-SETTING!

1. Run a wet comb through your hair to damp it. 2. Brush a few drops of VELMOL through the hair. 3. Arrange in waves and curls with fingers and comb—just as you like it. You'll be delighted! Hair gleams with the new fashionable sheen—silky-soft, natural looking and stays perfectly in order all day long. Ask for VELMOL.



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Good Cooks rely upon

BOVRIL

Bovril is the Power of Beef.

The Homemaker

September 27, 1941

The Australian Women's Weekly

31



HONEY-HAIRED RKO star Helene Whitney is the lucky possessor of graceful and expressive hands with long, tapering nails. She cleverly brings them into the limelight with vivid nail lacquer and huge dress rings.

So many people say, "Hands are the first thing I notice in a stranger," that it is well to realise that they probably take second place to faces as a means of expression.

Don't feel your hands are "undressed" because your work rules out the use of nail varnish. Well-kept shapely nails are attractive. If polished with a polishing stone, a point sports girls would be well advised to note. Deeply colored nails with tweeds in country surroundings are not necessarily smart.

Strongly capable hands can be as attractive as the excitingly ethereal. So understand the type of hands you've got—long, short, round, or slim—and compare them with your own personality.

If your personality is naturally colorful you can probably make a success of vivid nail varnishes.

A "pastel" type, with Dresden delicacy, should avoid deep shades and use the lighter ones. Always avoid clashes in make-up as in clothes—a coral lip-stick will ruin the effect of cyclamen nails.

Your hands should reflect your personality as a means of expression. A tranquil temperament should never flaunt even the most beautiful pair of hands in wild gesticulation—graceful repose would be more



MARY CARLISLE, Paramount, scrubs her hands and nails at least twice a day, using a tiny brush with firm bristles, good soap, and warm water. This not only keeps them immaculately clean, but removes dead cuticle and promotes circulation.

effective here. But don't go to the other extreme and be so hand-shy that you are constantly trying to hide them just because you idealise the vision of the slim, elongated type, languidly managing to bear the weight of a cigarette-holder.

The water in which you wash your hands should never be too hot or too cold. Lukewarm is the ideal temperature, and after washing in soap and water always massage

with a hand lotion or cream. Half glycerine and half rosewater is an old standby, and very good.

Wear rubber gloves when you are washing-up and ordinary cotton ones when you are engaged in rough housework or gardening. If the hands are in a dry, cracked condition, massage well with a good nourishing cream, and leave on all night. Gloves should be worn to keep the grease from the sheets.

S.O.S. FOR HANDS

YOUR hands are constantly under observation, so examine them critically and devote plenty of time to keeping them soft and lovely and nails always perfectly manicured.



AFTER a day in the sun, June Travis, Warner starlet, allows ten minutes' beauty treatment for her hands before getting into bed. After washing thoroughly, she massages well with soothing cream or lotion.



Born within every woman is the power to play the heroine in some love story of her own. Beauty taking beauty is not so important as to know how to fascinate and appeal well-groomed—with a petal-soft skin. Fortunate then is the girl who has Erasmic Face Powder to bring her complexion to perfection. Only in the heart of a rose will you match such velvet softness. Only in the depths of a garden at the close of day will you find a fragrance so delicate and appealing.

(PEACH, RACHEL, BRUNETTE, SUNTAN AND NATURAL)

ERASMIC CREAMS (Washing and Cold) 1/2 Tube



ERASMIC FACE POWDER 1/4

E. 15. 39

Did you
PROTEX yourself
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ANTISEPTIC OIL GERMICIDAL SOAP

OF course they did!
And you'll find that nine people out of ten would give you the same answer because this truly Australian soap has the fragrance of the Australian bush in every cake. Protex is a grand soap to use! It makes your skin *clean* and glowing and it guards you against infection. Protex contains an antiseptic **MUCH MORE EFFECTIVE THAN CARBOLIC.** And Protex is safe for sensitive skin. Buy Protex for the family at home and tuck a few cakes of Protex into your next comforts parcel for the boys in the fighting services.

Listen in to "Rise and Shine" every Wednesday night at 8 o'clock on 2GB, 2WL, 2CA, 2HR, 2LM, 2NZ, 3AW, 3HA, 3SH, 4BH, 4AY, 4GR, 5DN, 5RM, 6PR, 6TZ, 7LA, 7DY, 7HO, 7QT, 7BU. At 8.15 on 2GZ, 2KA, 3TR. AT 8.30 on 3BA, 3SR, 4RO.

FRUIT APPETISERS

for any meal of the day!



JUST TAKE one look at this tempting array of fruit cocktails and colorful salad dishes, and then try them out on the family and watch their faces light up. Specially good for the spring season.

THESE recipes are guaranteed to pep up jaded appetites.

FROSTED CITRUS JUICE COCKTAIL

Chill oranges, grapefruit and lemon thoroughly before squeezing juice. Mix 1 cup orange juice with 1 cup grapefruit juice and 1 dessertspoon lemon juice. Add 1 cup chilled ginger ale.

Dip the cocktail glasses' rims in orange juice and then in sugar.

SPICED FRUIT COCKTAIL

Mix 1 cup orange juice, 1 cup pineapple juice, 1-3rd cup water, 1 teaspoon grated lemon, 1 teaspoon nutmeg, pinch cinnamon and 2 cloves and sugar to taste.

Chill and add an equal quantity of soda water. Serve at once with red cherry in each glass.

APPLE, ORANGE AND GRAPEFRUIT WEDGE SALAD

Cut oranges and grapefruit into eight wedges and cut off rind, leaving clean-cut fresh edges. Choose red apples and cut into wedges about 1-inch thick and remove core, but not skin. Wedge alternate orange, apple and grapefruit sections together into a half circle. Serve on lettuce with a sharp cocktail sauce.

ORANGE FRUIT COCKTAIL

Mix sections of oranges, halved strawberries and white grapes or diced pineapple. Chill. Before serving sprinkle with sherry, ginger syrup, cider or ginger ale. Top with green cherry or mint sprig.

MINTED PINEAPPLE COCKTAIL

Cut fresh pineapple into cubes. Sweeten slightly with spiced honey and toss in freshly-chopped mint. Serve in compote glasses with sugared edge. Top with maraschino cherry.

PINEAPPLE AND CREAM CHEESE APPETISER

Chill pineapple. Remove peel and hard core. Cut into rings. Sprinkle lightly with lemon juice or sherry. Arrange crisp lettuce leaves on individual salad plate. Place circle of pineapple on each and top with cream cheese, rolled into balls with butter pats and tossed in freshly-chopped mint or parsley.

GRAPEFRUIT GINGER APPETISER

Mix 2 cups of diced grapefruit, 1 cup of pineapple and 1 tablespoon of finely-chopped ginger and 1 dessertspoon ginger syrup. Chill and serve in grapefruit halves or glass compote dishes. Decorate with a sprig of mint. If liked sprinkle with sherry and a little castor sugar.

By MARY FORBES

Cookery Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly.

APPETISER SALAD SAUCES

Sharp Cocktail Sauce: Mix 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 2 or 3 drops Worcestershire sauce, 1 teaspoon horseradish sauce, 1 teaspoon mustard, 1 tablespoon vinegar. Combine well. Chill. Toss salad fruit in this sauce, or pour a few drops on top of each fruit cocktail.

Piquant Sauce: One tablespoon lemon juice, 1 tablespoon ginger syrup, 1 tablespoon minced celery, 1 tablespoon tomato ketchup. Combine and chill.

Tomato Cream Sauce: Whip one-third cream into 1 cup tomato puree. Add 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, few drops of onion juice, and 2 drops Worcestershire sauce. This is good with peeled orange and apple sections served in cocktail glasses.

HONEYDEW MELON COCKTAIL SALAD

Chill melon and cut into wedges. Roll cream cheese and chopped preserved ginger into small balls with butter pats. Lightly sprinkle the melon with sherry or lemon juice or ginger syrup. Pile cream cheese and ginger balls on wedge and garnish with tiny lettuce curls or mint sprig.

MELON BALL COCKTAIL

With a small melon ball scoop (or teaspoon or large saltspoon if you are very clever) shape balls from a pink watermelon, yellow rockmelon or papaw, and from a pale green honeydew. Chill. Pile mixed balls into a glass compote and sprinkle with sherry or lemon juice and sugar syrup. Garnish with a mint sprig.

TOMATO JUICE COCKTAIL

To 1½ cups tomato juice (fresh or tinned) add 1 dessertspoon finely-chopped eschalot. Chill thoroughly and strain. Add 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, few drops Worcestershire sauce, 1 dessertspoon sugar and dash of salt and pepper.

AVOCADO DINNER STARTER

Cut avocado in rings and remove hard centre. Sprinkle freely with sherry or a sugar syrup pepped up with lemon juice and cloves. Chill. Fill centre with diced pineapple and banana, tossed lightly in a thick sugar syrup and freshly-chopped mint. Looks good and tastes better.

STUFFED PEAR APPETISER

Chill tinned Bartlett pears. Drain and sprinkle liberally with equal parts of lemon and orange juice. Roll cream cheese into balls and toss in grated orange rind and finely-chopped ginger. Fill the pear hollows with cream cheese. Serve on crisp lettuce garnished with mint sprigs.

ARE you often too tired to enjoy your dinner? Relax over a fruit cocktail, then marvel at your hearty appetite.

Do you feel that your table routine needs brightening? Commence the meal with a fruit appetiser salad; fruits are as colorful as flowers.

Do you want to give a party look to your dinner? Place an appetiser salad at each place. Easy to look at, these fruit appetisers are a source of protective vitamins.



ASHAMED OF HIS WIFE!

John Norton had been happily married for seven years. He adored his wife . . . Then, to-day's extra strain began to tell on her nerves . . .



DARLING, MY GIFT WANTS US TO HAVE DINNER WITH HIM ON THURSDAY NIGHT. OKAY?

I SUPPOSE SO



HUSBAND THINKS THIS IS AWFUL! JOHN'S A COMPLETE FLOP!



WELL YOU CERTAINLY SPARKLED TO-NIGHT!

PLEASE LEAVE ME ALONE JOHN. MY NERVES CAN'T STAND IT!



SHE'S NOT HERSELF, MUM. SO TIRED AND NERVOUS ALL THE TIME.

DON'T WORRY, JOHN. I'LL GET HER TO SEE DOCTOR BRIDGE!



MRS. NORTON, YOUR REAL TROUBLE IS NIGHT-STARVATION. THAT'S WHY YOU WAKE TIRED, FEEL RUN-DOWN AND DEPRESSED. YOU'VE PROBABLY NEVER REALISED IT, BUT WHILE YOU SLEEP, YOUR BODY GOES ON BURNING UP ENERGY. YOUR HEART AND LUNGS GO ON WORKING JUST THE SAME. NATURALLY, IF ENERGY ISN'T REPLACED, YOUR SLEEP DOESN'T DO YOU ANY GOOD. YOU WAKE TIRED, FEEL RUN-DOWN, AND YOUR NERVES GET THE BETTER OF YOU. THAT'S NIGHT-STARVATION. — MY ADVICE IS, DRINK HORLICKS EVERY NIGHT BEFORE BED.



SO HORLICKS EVERY NIGHT

BUSINESS, MY BOY!

Ragged, jumpy nerves are a sure sign of Night-Starvation. If you feel tired all the time, even wake up tired, get run down, and your nerves are ragged, then start drinking Horlicks every night before bed. Your sleep will be really beneficial and recuperative. This nourishing, well balanced food gives you the extra vitality necessary to keep your nerves steady. Horlicks is priced from 1/6. Economy size, 2/9. Special Pack with Mixer, 2/-.



HORLICKS guards against NIGHT-STARVATION helps resist the strain

PRIZE-WINNING RECIPES

THIS interesting best recipe competition is open to everybody. All you have to do to enter is write out your favorite recipe, attach name and address and send to this office.

First prize of £1 is awarded for the best recipe received, and 2/6 consolation prize for every other recipe published.

GOLDEN GRAPEFRUIT PUFFS, WITH HONEY CREAM

Peel two grapefruit and divide in sections, carefully removing all white. Warm some honey and run it over sections and stand aside. Make a batter with egg and milk and enough self-raising flour to make a nice mixture.

Drain grapefruit, dip each section into batter and fry a golden color. Drain on kitchen paper and keep hot in oven till ready to serve.

● Here are some more delicious recipes sent in by our readers. First prize this week goes to a South Australian reader for a delectable grapefruit dish.

Honey Cream: Into one cup of cream beat one large tablespoon of slightly-warmed honey. Sprinkle puffs with castor sugar and serve with cream.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. E. Gaston, Archer St., Clare, S.A.

SULTANA TEA TWISTS

One pound flour, pinch salt, 2oz. sugar, 4oz. sultanas, 3 teaspoons baking powder, 2oz. butter, 2 eggs, milk to mix.

Sift flour, salt, and baking powder, rub in butter, add sugar and sultanas. Stir in well-beaten eggs and enough milk to mix to a stiff dough.

Roll dough out into oblong shape. Cut into three strips.

Plait strips, cut plaits, and form into rolls. Brush each roll with a little egg mixed with milk. Bake in a hot oven. Serve hot or cold, split and buttered.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss Beryl Jones, 82 William St., Balaclava, Vic.

BANANA BUTTERSCOTCH CAKE

One and three-quarter cups brown sugar, 1 cup butter, 1½ cups milk, 3 eggs, well beaten, 3 cups flour, 3 teaspoons baking powder, ½ teaspoon salt, and 1 teaspoon vanilla.

Combine one cup of brown sugar,



KNIFE-PLEATED skirts are easy to keep in pleat, says Miss Precious Minutes. Betty Grable, 26th Century-Fox star, makes a case for her skirt by cutting the foot off a worn silk stocking and hemming firmly. She then slips the skirt inside and hangs it up.

Miss Precious Minutes says:

BEFORE putting woollies away for the summer give them this treatment: Dissolve a pound of alum in four quarts of water, dip woollies in, dry and put them away unironed. An excellent protection against moths.

TO renovate shabby black suede shoes mix equal quantities of olive oil and black ink and apply to the shoes with an old toothbrush. The surface will dry with a fresh nap.

AN excellent emergency decoration for cakes and trifles is made by stirring a drop or two of cochineal into a tablespoon of desiccated coconut.

BLISTERING of paint on a front door exposed to the sun can be prevented by giving it a rub over once a week with olive oil. Polish with a soft cloth. Good also for any varnished hardwood door.

1 cup butter, and 1 cup of milk. Cook to hard-ball stage. Gradually add remainder of milk, heated, stirring constantly. Cool. Cream remaining shortening until soft. Blend in remaining brown sugar and add eggs, beating until light and fluffy. Mix and sift dry ingredients and add to creamed mixture alternately with butterscotch mixture. Flavor with vanilla.

Bake in a 10-inch greased loaf-pan in a moderate oven about 50 to 60 minutes. Frost with icing made by mashing 1 banana into 2½ cups powdered sugar, add a dash of salt and 1 teaspoon lemon juice. Top cake with sliced bananas just before serving.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. M. Bisby, 29 Dumbarton Rd., Penrith, N.S.W.

HOT CHINESE SCONES

Rub 4oz. butter in 1lb. self-raising flour, then stir in 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon each chopped lemon peel, nuts, currants, raisins, 2oz. castor sugar, 1 teaspoon ground ginger, and 1oz. desiccated coconut. Mix to dough with a beaten egg, 2 tablespoons lime cordial, and about 1 pint milk.

Roll out like scone dough and cut into shapes. Bake 10 to 12 minutes in a hot oven. These keep well, and may be reheated for use after having been kept for a few days. Serve with butter.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. G. Trenouth, 93a Lower North Rd., Prospect, S.A.

APPLE GINGER

Four pounds of apples weighed after they are pared and cut into quarters. Then make a syrup, 2lbs. of sugar boiled in a pint of water, and pour this over apples.

Let stand for two days. Then add 4lbs. sugar, grated rind of 1 lemon, and juice of three. The grated rind of lemon in a muslin bag with 2oz. of bruised whole ginger and simmer till a nice brown color. Bottle and seal.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. V. A. Ballinger, 377 Magill Rd., Tranmere, S.A.

BANANA MEAT LOAF

One pound of raw meat, chopped fine, 1 tablespoon chopped onion, 2 teaspoons salt, 1-8th teaspoon pepper, 1 cup soft breadcrumbs, 2-3rd cup mashed banana (2 mashed bananas), 1 teaspoon dry mustard, 3 peeled bananas cut in halves lengthwise.

Mix together meat, onion, salt, pepper, breadcrumbs, and mashed bananas. Add mustard which has been moistened with a little water. Form mixture into a flat roll, and place in a greased baking-dish. Bake in a moderate oven (350 deg. F.), basting occasionally with juice from meat.

When loaf has baked about 45 minutes, place banana halves around and on top of loaf. Baste bananas with juice from meat and sprinkle with salt. Continue baking for about 15 to 20 minutes longer, or until bananas are done. This should make sufficient for six people.

Two strips of bacon may be placed on top of meat loaf before baking for basting purposes, and to add to flavor.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. E. M. Cottrell, Malcolmson St., North Mackay, Qld.

BREAKFAST TIME AT COSY CAMP



THERE'S ALWAYS A RUSH ON
KELLOGG'S CORN FLAKES AT OUR STORE.
THEY BEAT THE OTHERS
HANDS DOWN FOR
FLAVOUR!

Kellogg's Corn Flakes give you back the full value for your money in quality. Kellogg's Corn Flakes are not only more delicious than anything else, but they are also richest in energy value. Give your whole family crisp, crunchy, delicious Kellogg's Corn Flakes every morning.



Always say Kellogg's before you say CORN FLAKES.



Keep On Smiling Always Have EXTRA MONEY!

Yes, extra money will help you keep smiling, and here's your great chance to have it, by making French Flowers at home for us in all kinds of materials, for dress-wear and millinery. Flowers are not now imported—and urgently needed. This new craft will bring you in that extra money quickly. No experience required. Distance no disadvantage. Materials and Working Outfit FREE, and OUR MARKETING BOND assures a ready sale for your work. You earn as you learn. Don't delay! Remember, these flowers must be **MADE IN AUSTRALIA NOW!** Join this new Industry, and always have extra money for your needs! We pay forwarding charges on all flowers supplied from any State, and packing cases are Free.

LA PAULA ART INDUSTRY, Culverella Chambers, 67 Castlereagh St., SYDNEY, Box 22021, G.P.O., Melbourne.

Without obligation to me, please send your free book showing how I can make extra money by making flowers for you—also your MARKETING BOND and SPECIAL SHIPPING OFFER.

Name

Address

W.W. 27/9/41



HOW TO KEEP FIT

You can't keep fit if you suffer from constipation. Constipation saps energy, makes you feel tired and "off-colour." **NYAL FIGSEN**, the gentle laxative, ends constipation quickly and naturally. Figsen is made from three of Nature's own laxatives—Figs, Senna and Cascara. That's why Figsen is NOT habit-forming, and why it is good for every member of the family—the youngsters as well as the grown-ups. Figsen is sold by chemists everywhere. 1/3d a tin.

The next best thing to Nature...
Nyal Figsen
FOR CONSTIPATION



THE QUINS don't mind classwork when their teacher reads a story, and they love to hear their favorites read over and over. Here you see by the varied expressions their intent interest as they hear "Aladdin and His Wonderful Lamp." Left to right: Cecile, Yvonne, Emile, Marie, Annette.

"Medico" Tells You What to do

PATIENT: Doctor, I have had the most awful neuralgia lately. It's been driving me nearly mad. Do you think I should have my teeth extracted?

DOCTOR: There is always a chance that an infected tooth is causing neuralgia. But before making any drastic and irrevocable decisions about teeth extractions it is always advisable to have a complete overhaul by a competent medical man.

Neuralgia is a pain in the nerve. As a general rule the pain occurs on one side of the face or jaw, and comes on in attacks that last anything from a mere fraction of a second to more than a minute. As one of my patients recently described it—neuralgia is not unlike the pain inflicted by a dentist drilling too close to a nerve.

"But," my patient added, "whereas you can tell the dentist to stop, all the telling in the world has no effect

about Neuralgia

on the neuralgia." A peculiarity about neuralgia is that there is often one particular spot on the face which, when touched or otherwise stimulated, will start up an attack.

These spots are known as trigger zones, and I suppose one reason why people so often associate neuralgia with teeth is that the jaw often acts as a "trigger zone," and an attack is started by the act of chewing.

It is quite possible for neuralgia to have its origin in infected teeth, but it is equally likely to arise from other foci of infection. An infection of the ear, for instance, may be responsible, likewise the sinuses, or tonsils.

The trouble may clear up when the source of infection is removed. On the other hand, medical research of recent years has shown that many diseases have their primary cause in some deficiency in the diet, and that neuritis, neuralgia, and other nerve complaints fall into this class. To-day prominent medical men tell us that the most probable cause of neuritis and neuralgia is a deficiency of Vitamin B.

This Vitamin B is a complex substance in our food that is necessary among other things for the healthy functioning of the various parts of our nervous system.

If you are wise you will take steps

to correct this deficiency. Overhaul your diet. A diet that is overloaded with white bread and other refined white flour products such as biscuits, cakes, scones, steamed puddings, and ready-prepared breakfast cereals is most likely to be deficient in Vitamin B. For in the milling of white flour all the very essential wheatgerm is removed.

Vitamin B is found in all whole-grain cereal products—such as wholemeal bread and wholemeal or oatmeal breakfast cereals.

It is found also in eggs, yeast extracts, in some meats such as pork, and to a lesser extent in peas, beans, and nuts. Potatoes are fairly rich in this, if they are not peeled.

For immediate relief of neuralgia in cases thought to be due to a deficiency of Vitamin B, doctors often prescribe injections of Vitamin B. Some excellent results have been obtained with this treatment.

So, before you even think about sacrificing your teeth, go along to your doctor and have a thorough overhaul.

WHY BE FAT?

LOSE 4 TO 7 lbs. IN THE FIRST WEEK

NO DIET OR EXERCISE

JUST TAKE BONKORA DAILY



Most fat people lose 1lb. a day this safe, quick way. You can, too, even if your ugly fat has seemed a hopeless burden. BonKora reduces heaviest parts first, so after the first few days you will see double chin, fat on hips, bust, and waist disappear, giving way to slim, youthful curves.

Eat hearty meals yet lose fat

No need to starve. Eat delicious meals throughout treatment. BonKora's triple action reduces at triple speed. Take one each day as directed on package, and gain new health and vigor.

BonKora contains no harmful drugs—no thyroid

It is absolutely harmless... It is in fact beneficial to your system. Get a bottle—5/6 at all chemists—and start this quick treatment now! No increase in price because of sales tax. If your chemist cannot supply, send 5/6 in postal note to World Agencies, Pacific House, 249 George Street, Sydney, N.S.W.

HOW TO BE FIT THOUGH FORTY

What's the meaning of all this talk about the horrors of middle-age? If you feel that life has lost its zest, that you're no longer capable of competing with younger men and women, there's only one meaning—you need WINCARNIS badly! WINCARNIS, a delicious blend of nourishing wines and strengthening vitamins, will put you on your toes in no time. Over 25,000 recommendations from medical men testify to its effectiveness, and every man and woman who feels at all fatigued either mentally or physically, should take it. Get a bottle of WINCARNIS to-day from your chemist.

SORRY—BUT YOU'RE WRONG!



PAINTING YOUR NAILS IS NOT A NEW IDEA — CLEOPATRA PAINTED HER NAILS



INHALING CAMPHOR WILL NOT PREVENT DISEASE



SCARING IS NO CURE FOR HICCUPS



INDIGESTION IS NOT NECESSARILY CAUSED BY BOLTING FOOD



BUT INDIGESTION DOES START WITH EXCESS ACID IN THE STOMACH

Indigestion is caused by worry, fear, excitement, nerves, emotional stress—All of these things start the overflow of acid in the stomach. That's why Bisurated Magnesia stops indigestion in five minutes. Bisurated Magnesia spreads a protective lining over the stomach, neutralises this burning excess acid, gives instant and lasting relief. Bisurated Magnesia is sold at the same price as ordinary stomach remedies—only 2/6 the large, and 1/9 the standard size.

For young wives and mothers

TRUBY KING SYSTEM

Dangerous digestive disturbances

A LONG spell of dry weather often causes various epidemics, and there has lately been a wave of gastric troubles and in some cases attacks of gastro-enteritis.

At the beginning of the summer and again towards the end of the season all mothers must beware of danger-signals.

Prompt recognition of any departure from the normal, a prompt request for expert help and advice, and the securing of medical attention if a baby does not at once respond to the treatment given for a threatened attack of diarrhoea can often prevent serious trouble.

A leaflet dealing with treatment for a threatened attack of diarrhoea has been prepared by The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, and a copy will be forwarded free, if a request with an enclosed stamped addressed envelope is forwarded to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4098WW, G.P.O., Sydney.

Please endorse your envelope "Mothercraft."

DOCTOR SAYS REXONA IS EXCELLENT FOR ALL TYPES OF SKIN. ITS SPECIAL, MILD MEDICATIONS SOOTHE AND PROTECT — KEEP SKIN CLEAR AND HEALTHY.

MAKE certain of radiant skin health, fresh glowing loveliness — use Rexona! Rexona is the only soap containing Cadyl, a special compound of medications which routs dust and impurities from the very base of the pores, where skin blemishes start. Give beauty a chance! Begin your Rexona treatment—to-night!



REXONA
is more than a beauty soap.
it's a Complete Skin Treatment



Ultimate skin troubles which do not improve quickly with this wonderful Rexona Soap treatment, need the combined care of Rexona Soap and Ointment.

TREATMENT: Wash frequently with Rexona Soap. At night smear a little Rexona Ointment on the affected parts. Skin faults yield rapidly to this marvellous treatment—it leaves the skin clear and unmarked.

REXONA PROPRIETARY LIMITED



They measured
6,000 women

—and helped all women
to be beautiful!

It was 1926



the era of masculinity in women's dress. Frocks fell from neck to knee in straight lines, innocent of waistline. Figures were simply "slim," "medium" or "stout"—and corsets made accordingly.

But Berlei was not satisfied. Berlei determined to find out just what variations existed. And so began the famous Measurement Survey, directed by the Department of Physiology, Medical School, Sydney University. 6,000 women were accurately measured. Amazing facts came to light. The most important discovery, staggering in its simplicity, was this:

99.41 of all women's figures fall into five basic figure-types.

And so, since 1927, Berlei Foundations have been designed on the True-to-Type principle. Hundreds of thousands of fittings have proved its scientific accuracy.

This was
fashionable
in 1926

—but to-day's fashion
line is based on a
foundation like this.

Do you know "Vogue"?

It's published in New York and London and it's the world's foremost magazine of fashion.

Recently (April 15), "Vogue" published an article on figure-beauty, and in it said...

"Good corsets are now made in as many as five figure-types. . ."

No higher tribute could be given to the rightness of Berlei's True-to-Type system of design.

WEAR A TRUE-TO-TYPE

Berlei

THE FOUNDATION OF BEAUTY

23c.41.



THESE colorful sideboard and table mats will enhance your own dining-room or make ideal presents for your friends.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

GAY TABLE MATS in Persian design

THIS effective set is obtainable from our Needlework Department, traced on good quality cream linen or natural crash.

The design is so simple to work. It is done in button-hole, satin-stitch, stem-stitch, and french knots, and when embroidery is complete work the edge with a small stitch buttonholed, at small intervals of one inch apart. For a color scheme we suggest F700 (red), F731 (green), F444 (orange), with brown F477.

These cottons are obtainable from our Pattern Department, price 21d. per skein (all colors available).

The round mat measures 18 x 18ins. on cream linen, and 15 x 15ins. on crash, the oval mat, 12 x 18ins. on cream linen, and 12 x 18ins. on crash, and 9 x 9ins. for the small mats on both materials.

Complete set, comprising one round mat, one oval mat, and two small mats, in linen, 6/11 set; in crash, 5/9 set; or individually: round mat, in linen, 2/11 each; in crash, 2/6 each; oval mat, in linen, 2/3 each; small mat, in linen, 1/- each; in crash, 9d. each, plus 2d. for postage.



No 132

No. 132. A charming little style that is cool and practical and designed to look as fresh as paint on the hottest day.

Dainty frock

SMALL girls will love this attractive frock, which is available at our Needlework Department with the pattern and embroidery design traced, ready to cut out, machine, and then embroider. It is traced on white, washable silk pique.

Work the design in pastel tonings of blue or lemon, with green for leaves. Sizes, 4-6 years: 7/11 each; 6-8 years, 8/6 each, plus 3d. for postage. Paper pattern only, price, 1/4 each. Embroidery transfer, price, 1/3 extra.

SEND TO THIS ADDRESS:

Adelaide: Box 388A, G.P.O. Brisbane: Box 400F, G.P.O. Melbourne: Box 185C, G.P.O. Newcastle: Box 41, G.P.O. Perth: Box 984C, G.P.O. Sydney: Box 4088W, G.P.O. If calling, 176 Castlereagh St. Tasmania: Write to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 185C, G.P.O., Melbourne. New Zealand: Write to Sydney office.



No 133

No. 133. Welcome summer in this trimly-tailored suit. Obtainable in white, blue, or green.

Crisp young suit

In pretty eyelet spun linen

THIS chic summer suit is obtainable from our Needlework Department, with pattern and embroidery design traced, ready to cut out, machine, and then embroider. The pattern is very clearly traced with full instructions for each piece.

It is traced on white, saxe-blue, and very pretty green eyelet spun linen, and will not crush. The embroidery design and scalloped edges of the collar and sleeves make a delightful finish.

Obtainable in sizes 32, 34, 36, and 38-inch bust. Separate jacket or separate skirt may be obtained if desired. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, complete suit, 12/11; jacket only, 6/6; skirt only, 7/6. 36 and 38in. bust, complete suit, 14/6; jacket only, 7/6; skirt only, 8/3. Plus 3d. extra for postage. Paper pattern only, price 1/7; embroidery transfer, price 1/6 extra.

SOUR STOMACH

WHEN every meal is followed by pain, discomfort or heartburn... when you can't bear the thought of food and you act like a bear with a sore head... blame sour, acid stomach! But there's no need to sit down and "take it!"

You can get rid of that pain and discomfort—how quickly depends on how soon you take a dose of De Witt's Antacid Powder! This quick-action remedy works wonders with a sour stomach. Try just one dose and, in a few minutes, feel the relief as burning acid is killed and the sour stomach sweetened. A few moments later you'll be wanting to know—what's for dinner?

Why does De Witt's Antacid Powder work so quickly? Simply because it does three things. Firstly, De Witt's Antacid Powder neutralizes excess acid. Then it soothes and protects the inflamed stomach lining—without in any way interfering with normal

digestion. Finally, it helps digest your food, so that the weakened stomach has less work to do. Sounds simple, doesn't it? But only De Witt's Antacid Powder can give this amazing benefit.

Get the sky-blue canister of De Witt's Antacid Powder to-day—and do not worry any more about indigestion, flatulence, heartburn or sour, acid stomach. Regain the pleasure of eating just what you like and of enjoying every meal.

Approval No. 173

DeWitt's
ANTACID POWDER

Unequalled for Indigestion, Acid Stomach, Heartburn, Gastritis and Flatulence. Prices (including Sales Tax) 2/7. Giant size, 4/8

End stomach troubles now and eat what you like. Get your sky-blue canister to-day!

large sky-blue canisters.



CROCHET SWEATER

... in peasant trend

● No smart young thing could resist this adorable little sweater done in white wool and garnished with gay field flowers. Start making it now for your spring wardrobe.

MANY readers have asked for crochet designs, so here, at last, is a really charming sweater that is worth its weight in flattery. The open stitch makes it cool enough to wear on those sunny days ahead.

Materials.—Azalea crochet and knitting wool, 11ozs. white; 2ozs. blue; 1oz. yellow; 1oz. green; crochet hook, No. 13.

Measurements: Length from top of shoulder, 20ins. Width all round at underarm, 34ins. Length of sleeve underarm, 18ins.

Tension: 7 trebles to 1in. in width; 3 rows to 1in. in depth.

LEFT SIDE FRONT AND BACK

** Make 233 chain.

Work 1 tr. into 4th chain from needle and 1 tr. in every st. to end of row, turn with 3 chain to stand for tr., and, picking up back loop only, work 1 tr. in each tr. of previous row. Repeat this row 5 times.

1st Row: 3 chain, to stand for tr., 1 tr. into each tr., 75 times, turn.

2nd Row: Decrease once at beginning of row, 1 tr. in each st. to end of row, turn.

3rd Row: 1 tr. in each tr., except last, turn.

4th and 5th Rows: Like 2nd and 3rd rows.

6th Row: Decrease once at beginning of row, 1 tr. in each st. to last 12 sts., turn.

7th Row: Slip-st. over 15 tr., 1 tr. in each st. to end of row, turn.

8th Row: 1 tr. in each st. to last 15 sts., turn.

9th Row: 1 tr. into each st. to end of row, break off.

This completes left side front. Now commence at other end of strip and work from 1st to 9th rows, inclusive, which makes left side back. Commencing again at front waist, join in wool and work 86 trs., turn.

Repeat this row 10 times. **

Work another piece as from ** to ** for right side front and back. Join wool in at left back waist and work 100 trs., up towards neck, turn.

Repeat this row 18 times and sew neatly to right back and press with damp cloth and warm iron.

Using blue wool, work 1 row of d.c. down between front and side fronts and back and side backs.

Sew up side seams and using blue wool work 1 row of d.c. all round waist. Break off blue and join in white wool.

1st Row: 1 tr. in each d.c. of previous row, turn.

2nd Row: 3 chain to stand for tr., 1 tr. in each of next 6 tr., 2 tr. in next st., * 1 tr. in next 7 tr., 2 tr. in next st., repeat from * to end of row, turn.

3rd Row: 1 tr. in next 3 tr., * 2 tr. in next st., 7 tr. in next 7 tr., repeat from * to end of row.

4th, 5th, 6th, and 7th Rows: 1 tr. in each st. to end of row, break off.

YOKE

With right side of work facing, join in blue wool at right side neck and work 1 row of d.c. all round neck. Break off.

Using white wool, work 1 tr. in every d.c. of previous row, turn.

Work 3 more rows of tr. in white, but working off 3 trs. together at 4 corners to keep yoke flat; break off.

Using blue wool, commence at right-front waistline and work 3 trs. between 1st and 2nd tr., miss 3 trs. and work 3 trs. between next trs. Continue in this manner up right-front round neck and all round coat, until back to where commenced.

THIS CROCHETED JUMPER will hug your figure like a second skin, but the sleeves are comfortable and free for action, because it is specially designed for work or play.

Still using blue wool work 1 d.c. on each tr. up to neck edge, turn, and work 2 more rows of d.c. This is from neck to waist only.

Next Row: 2 d.c., * 4 chain, miss 4 d.c., 14 d.c. on next 14 d.c. Repeat from * to last 2 sts., 2 d.c., turn. This makes 6 buttonholes.

2 d.c., * 4 d.c. on 4 chain, 3 d.c., 1 picot (picot is 3 chain and slip back into 1st st.), 4 d.c., 1 pic., 4 d.c., 1 pic., 3 d.c. Repeat from * to neck edge. Continue around neck with 3 d.c. and 1 pic. alt., down left-front from neck to waistline, work 5 rows d.c., then work 1 row of d.c. all round bottom of coat. Break off.

SLEEVE

Make 47 chain. Work 1 tr. into 4th chain from hook and 1 tr. in each st. to end of row. Turn with 3 chain, and repeat 1st row 3 times. Increase once at each end of next and every following 3rd row until there are 70 trs.

1st Row: Increase once in first st., * 1 tr. in each of next 7 tr., 2 tr. in next tr. Repeat from * to end of row. Increase once in last st. Work 2 rows without shaping. Repeat last 3 rows 3 times.

1st Row: Decrease once at each end of needle.

2nd Row: Decrease 2 sts. at each end of needle. Repeat last 2 rows 7 times and 1st row once. Break off.

Press and sew up seam around wrist with white wool. Work * 1 tr. into 1st st., 2 trs. into next, and repeat from this all round.

Next Row: 1 tr. into each st., break off. Using blue wool work groups of 3 trs. and 1 row of d.c. to correspond with rest of coat. Make another sleeve in same manner.

FLOWERS

Using yellow wool, make 5 chain, sl-st. to make a ring. Into ring work 1 d.c., 2 chain 5 times. Join. In first sp., work 1 d.c., 3 tr., 1 d.c. Repeat all round, join. * 3 chain, 1 d.c. in d.c. of previous row. Repeat from * all round, into every 3 chain. Loop at back, work 1 d.c., 5 tr., 1 d.c. Break off. This completes flower. Make 12 flowers and 2 small for sleeves.

Knitted frock and cape

IN the directions for the knitted frock and cape in our issue last week, the size of the needles was omitted. No. 9 is the size required.



What lovely hands!

There is not a man who does not admire nails that wear L'Oniglex Polish. It costs only 6d. but its quality is so superior that it lasts as long as expensive polishes. It does not fade or chip off.



L'Oniglex

NAIL POLISH

Colorless, Natural, Old Rose, Copper, Rose, Windsor, Rust, Gipsy, Redonda, Red, Orchid, Sunset, Camellia.

BACKACHE, LEG PAINS MAY BE DANGER SIGN

Of Tired Kidneys

If backache and leg pains are making you miserable, don't just complain and do nothing about them. Nature may be warning you that your kidneys need attention.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking excess acids and poisonous waste out of the blood. Most people pass about 3 pints a day or about 3 pounds of waste.

If the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters don't work well, poisonous waste matter stays in the blood, causing nagging backaches, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Frequent and scanty passages with smarting and burning show there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Don't wait! Ask your chemist or state for DOAN'S BACKACHE KIDNEY PILLS, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from the blood. Get DOAN'S BACKACHE KIDNEY PILLS today—the remedy that will make you well and keep you well.

It isn't washing-up that spoils the sink..

.... IT'S HARSH CLEANING!

If you will clean the sink with harsh, gritty scourers, what can you expect? It's sure to be scratched and dull in no time. Remember, scratches harbour dirt — and often germs — and make cleaning harder as time goes on. Porcelain is delicate — it requires smooth-cleaning with Vim's soap-coated grains. A Vim-cleaned sink keeps its gleaming, new look always.



VIM REMOVES THE DIRT .. BUT SAVES THE SURFACE!

A LEVER PRODUCT

7.39.37

HEARNE'S BRONCHITIS CURE

Best by Test for the Chest

CHEMISTS — STORES DON'T KEEP HEARNE'S BRONCHITIS CURE — THEY SELL IT!!

EVERYWHERE

2/6 and 4/6



New Under-arm Cream Deodorant safely Stops Perspiration



1. Does not rot dresses—does not irritate skin.
2. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.
3. Instantly stops perspiration for 1 to 3 days. Removes odor from perspiration.
4. A pure white, greaseless, stainless vanishing cream.
5. Laboratory tests prove ARRID is entirely harmless to any fabrics.

15 MILLION jars of Arrid have been sold. Try a jar today!

ARRID

2/- a jar. Also in 4s. jars.

All Chemists and stores selling toilet goods.
Distributors: Fawcett & Johnson Ltd., Sydney.

SUFFERERS FROM SUPERFLUOUS HAIRS—

should give "Vanix" the opportunity to do for them what it has done for thousands of others.

"VANIX"

a product of The Van Schuyler (Aust.) Co., is a scientific discovery of Paul Van Schuyler, which gently dissolves and then destroys the hairs. It has no detrimental effect on the skin, and is simple and pleasant to use. "VANIX" is priced at 5/6 a bottle (6/1 posted) from Hallam Pty. Ltd., 319 George St., Sydney, and all 12 Branches; Swift's Pharmacy, 378 Ltd. Collins St., Melb.; The Myer Emporium, Bourke St., Melb.; C. A. Edwards, 230 Edwards St., Brisbane; and Bika Chemists Ltd., 35 Bourke St., Adelaide.

SPRINGTIME IN THE ROCKERIES

● Springtime in the rockeries means that the pretty flowering plants that give us so much pleasure for months of the year will be needing attention.

—Says OUR HOME GARDENER

IN our mild climate, particularly in the coastal belts, where rockeries are so popular, we have a very wide choice of subjects for springtime planting. Here are some of them, recommended chiefly because they have stood the test of time.

In open, sunny places, which are ideal for rockeries, but where the soil is "not too clever" (sandy, gravelly, or gritty), and, therefore, dry and rather droughty, the hardy annuals such as alyssum, Californian poppy, candytuft, linaria, linum, poppies, and nasturtiums thrive well.

French marigolds flourish in such a place, and the biennials hollyhock, snapdragon, wallflower, cynoglossum, foxglove and forget-me-not make a bright display for months.

A wide range of perennial plants does well in dry places where the soil is poor, among them being alstroemeria, corydalis, dianthus, dicentra, erigeron, eryngium, geum, kniphofia, lupins, lyncmis, pinks, saponaria sedum, and verbasum.

But for the front rockery bays we find that aubrietia, gypsophila repens, helianthemum, and lithospermum provide color and brilliance, probably rivalled only by the trailing and dwarf mesembryanthemums.

For better soil conditions, where moisture is abundant, we can fall back on acanthus, a bold foliage plant; achillea, which produces flat heads of cerise flowers; agatheia, a short, shrubby plant producing pale blue daisies with bright yellow centres; ajuga, which has large bronzy leaves and blue salvia-like flowers, and prefers partial shade; and many of the anemones, particularly the Japanese varieties.

Arenaria likes sandy soil, and its tiny, moss-like growth demands a position between damp stones in shade. Aristeia is not often seen, but is worth while if only for its bright blue flowers in springtime.

Billbergia nutans or parrot flower belongs to the pineapple family, and does well in the hottest, sunniest spots, and flowers even when the soil is poor. And its colorful flowers, combining shades rarely mixed by nature, such as pink, violet, green, yellow, and blue, all on the one stem, have to be seen to be believed.

Anyhow, the gardener who makes a selection from the following will, perhaps, be thankful that Jack Frost caused a few casualties last winter: Cineraria maritima (silver foliage and yellow flowers); commelina (blue flowers and spreading foliage); crucianella stylosa, which has crossed leaves and pink flowers; felicia, a semi-prostrate plant with silvery-green leaves



A COOL CORNER, cleverly converted into a rockery that looks like a piece of bushland. The rough stone steps and background of trees provide a perfect foil for the bright green bushes and starry white daisies.

and pink flowers; heeria elegans, a trailing plant with purple flowers, suitable for trailing over a rock or a hanging basket; Isoloma hirsuta, which bears velvety green leaves with red edges, and orange-red tubular flowers.

Or the gardener can go in raptures over liriopis spicata, which is low growing, has grassy leaves and violet flowers, or make a massed bed of lobelia laxiflora, an almost ever-blooming perennial which produces bright red tubular blossoms with orange throats. And I can recommend another with an extraordin-

ary name, margyricarpus setosus, which produces trailing green shoots dotted all over with small white berries.

For a shady position in the rockery try megasea cordifolia, which has attractive foliage and sprays of beautiful waxy pink flowers which last for weeks.

Another that should not be forgotten is Monarda Cambridge Scarlet, which is a showy plant with dense heads of deep scarlet, salvia-like flowers.

The phlox family does not entirely consist of the annual and perennial types so common in gardens. The dense tufty variety known as phlox subulata is subdivided into half a dozen bright colors. They have moss-like foliage, but the flowers are brilliant, and include pink with darker eye, pale mauve, soft grey-blue, clean pink, and bright salmon.

And lastly let me recommend thymus citriodorus, the lemon thyme of Old England, which has a strong lemon scent and pale mauve-pink flowers, and its cousin, thymus serpyllum, the wild thyme of Shakespeare.

That rockery will smile again, no matter how sad the casualties have been during winter, if you make a sound selection from these recommendations.

Old and new Digger in radio show

Jack Lumsdaine in "Stand Easy"

After an absence of over nine months in West Australia, Jack Lumsdaine, one of Australia's most popular radio personalities and a well-known composer of popular music, is back again in Sydney.

While he has returned with a special commission as a composer he will also be heard over the air, which will be good news for listeners.

BEFORE he left Sydney Jack Lumsdaine had been busy composing musical numbers for a proposed show dealing with the old and the new Digger, but although the show was temporarily abandoned he went on jotting down words and music that might be used.

The result was that, when the Macquarie Network decided to go on with the production under the name of "Stand Easy," he was fully equipped to collaborate with E. Mason Wood, author and producer of the programme.

Apart from his wide experience as a composer of popular music, Jack Lumsdaine brings to the job of writing the numbers for "Stand Easy" his intimate knowledge of the Digger of the last war gained on active service in 1914-18. He knows the Digger in all his moods, and in his songs he is striving to re-create those moods and at the same time pay tribute to the splendid daring of "the sons of the others."

There are items in serious vein; others in humorous mood. One of the latter that will appeal to many a "hard-bitten" old Digger runs as follows:

Why don't they give me the D.C.M. instead of C.B.? When I joined the army the sergeant-major said They'd make a soldier out of me. Other fellows in despatches Are mentioned every day For chasing the enemy so strong. But I'm always in disgrace, And the only thing I chase, Is the bugle the whole day long.

Apart from writing the music for "Stand Easy," Jack Lumsdaine will both sing and act in the show, which will be heard from 2GB and all Macquarie stations at 8 o'clock every Saturday night, commencing October 4.

PEEPS INTO A PRIVATE LETTER FILE

No. 1

"Jex" is by far the best of its kind I have used. It has the effect of cleansing without rubbing the surface. I have used it mainly on discolored enamel ware that I had given up as hopeless, and after a few rubbings the marks disappear. I also cleaned a lamp that had been painted, with good results. I shall recommend it to all housewives I know.

USUALLY, an advertiser is placed in the position of having to praise his own product. But, in this series—"Peeps Into a Private Letter File"—the statements made come from actual and recent users of "Jex"—from women who, having tried "Jex," have seen fit to record their opinions concerning its value as a cleanser. . . . These letters show the varied uses to which the goods of "JEX" STEEL WOOL are put—uses which prove the truth of the claim that "Jex" is "THE HOUSEHOLD CLEANER WITH 101 USES." . . . Full instructions in booklet with each packet.



Jex

Obtainable everywhere for a FEW PENNY Per Packet.

9 PADS IN EVERY PACKET

WHEN THINGS LOOK BLACK - use Jex

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**BEFORE BEDTIME START
DRIVING OUT
BRONCHITIS**

SLEEP SOUND ALL NIGHT

Enjoy a coughless night—sleep sound and awake refreshed—just be wise enough to take 2 or 3 doses of Buckley's CANADIOL Mixture before you go to bed. For bronchial coughs—for tough old persistent coughs, take a few doses of Buckley's—soon feel as good as ever again. This powerful, triple-acting treatment—by far the largest selling cough medicine in all of blizzardy cold Canada.

The most swift, positive remedy you can get! It "acts like a flash"—and it's sold by all chemists and stores. **A SINGLE SIP PROVES IT**

Buckley's CANADIOL MIXTURE

Clifton-Williams Pty. Ltd., Sydney

HINTS ON SETTING THE TABLE



FOR A COFFEE TABLE. So many of us have odd souvenirs that we relegate to the box-room. Here is an arrangement of a Balinese head and fan, placed on a square Balinese sarong flung over the table. Flame tree flowers float in a shallow cream pottery bowl with cream pottery candlesticks at each side.



FOR A FORMAL DINNER. Four round glass ashtrays, a tiny glass slipper, a few mixed flowers, and you have a formal centerpiece for that most important dinner. Forget-me-nots, scarlet geraniums, small daisies, and a few grape hyacinths placed in your ashtrays which look like flower-bearing bubbles, the remainder of your flowers in your glass slipper. Add a knot of red, white, and blue ribbon, and you can sit at the head of the table most complacently.



FOR A FORMAL LUNCHEON. Making fish the main dish at your luncheon, use your amusing fish stew bowl as a flower vase. Fill the bowl with a bunch of scarlet sweet-peas, dotted with prim white marguerites, and give your fish surrealist antennae of yellow daffodils. You will be enchanted with the brightness it gives to the table.



FOR AN AFTERNOON PARTY. Serene white swans glide over a square of mirror placed on a white damask cloth. A bunch of lavender and anemones fills one, a trim bunch of primroses and the remainder of the anemones in the second, while the third carries a mixed load of sweet-peas, candytuft, geraniums, and anemones.



FOR A COTTAGE LUNCHEON. Grape hyacinths, daisies, candytuft, and a head of geranium, and a huge geranium leaf, blossom in the gay china clogs, set on a bright checked cotton cloth, to make your simple luncheon party gay and original. The flowers will only cost a few pence, and the clogs can be bought for a shilling or so.

● Decorative floral arrangements are indispensable adjuncts to your entertaining . . . they highlight your dinner table, complement your china and linen, and add gaiety and sparkle to your parties.

BY OUR HOME DECORATOR

EVEN though you have no garden, you can achieve the loveliest effects for a few shillings.

The secret of having a fine show of flowers for a small cost lies in the size of your vases.

To fill a large bowl with flowers costs as much as it does to decorate the entire house with tiny bowls. When you are buying flowers, buy small, mixed bunches, beg a few heads of various larger flowers, and you will find that while the florist's bill stays remarkably low the house will glow with color.

When buying vases, select original shapes. For instance, at any of the chain stores you can buy vases shaped like shoes, like tiny galleons, or Dutch clogs. Choose neutral colors or soft pastels that will blend with your color scheme and enhance the flowers. Soft blues and pinks, nearly all greens, cream and white are the best colors.

If you make a habit of dropping into secondhand shops you will find any number of quaint vases that have acquired added charm with the years. Tiny china swans, little glass Victorian slippers, white vases with

fat cupids clinging to them are all to be found in abundance, and cost far less than the more conventional vases in the big stores.

When decorating the table, plan a design before you buy the flowers. Visualise in your mind how the table linen and china will look; remember to keep the color of your candles toning with the floral scheme, and above all decide which vase or container you are going to use.

If you have decided on a cottage lunch table, brighten up the table with a printed cloth, use your brightest pottery, and in the centre of your table make a lively flower arrangement in bright colors. Put the flowers in a bright pottery jug, buy a round cottage loaf from your baker, and serve simple peasant food to your guests. Then sit back and watch how they enthuse over your bright table.

You can make an artistic and professional-looking arrangement of flowers for practically nothing, provided you choose your flowers carefully and place them in vases which make up for their lack of size by their original shape and intriguing design.

"NOTHING IS SO IMPORTANT TO LOVE AS LOVELINESS
... LOVELY SMOOTH SKIN.
A DAILY LUX TOILET SOAP BEAUTY BATH LEAVES SKIN FRESH AND FRAGRANT TOO!
IT'S A WONDERFUL BEAUTY CARE"

ACTUAL STATEMENT BY
Loretta Young

LUX TOILET SOAP
is supercreamed—gives a rich, luxurious lather

LORETTA YOUNG'S OWN WORDS ARE IMPORTANT TO EVERY GIRL...

SCREEN STARS OUGHT TO KNOW ABOUT LOVE. IF LUX TOILET SOAP IS HOLLYWOOD'S CHOICE, I GUESS IT'S THE SOAP FOR ME

LORETTA YOUNG SAID LUX TOILET SOAP LEAVES SKIN FRESH AND SWEET. AND IT DOES! YET IT'S NOT EXPENSIVE BECAUSE IT LASTS SO LONG

YOU'RE SO KISSABLE, MY DARLING. I COULD LOVE YOU FOR EVERMORE!

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LT. 6. 18.

